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St. Mark's Place, Venice.

The beautiful building in which was formerly deposited the Library of St. Mark, is situated on one side of the Piazza di S. Marco. The architect was Sansovino, to whose genius Venice was indebted for many of her most magnificent structures. Jacopo Tatti, who afterwards assumed the name of Sansovino, was born at Florence, about the year 1479, and became the pupil of a sculptor, Andrea Contucci da Monte a Sansovino. His labours at Florence having rendered him much celebrated, he transferred his studio to Rome, where he became known, not only as a sculptor, but also as an architect of the highest talent. On the sack of Rome, in 1527, Sansovino was compelled to fly, and retreated to Venice, intending from thence to proceed to the court of France, whither he had been invited. Having been called upon to superintend the affairs of the Church of St. Mark, he executed this duty so much to the satisfaction of the Senate, that he was appointed to the office of chief architect of the republic.

The first building erected in Venice, from the designs of Sansovino, was the Zecca, or Mint, which was followed by that of the Library. In the execution of this work, however, the reputation of Sansovino was greatly endangered. Owing to some unforseen cause, the roof of the Library fell in, an accident which was attributed by the Senate to the negligence of the architect, who was thrown into prison, heavily fined, and deprived of the office of protomaestro. From this confinement, however, he was soon liberated, and being restored to his official situation, he continued to ornament the city with his splendid and classical designs. The remainder of his life was spent by Sansovino at Venice, where he died in 1570, at the advanced age of ninety-one, having embellished that city not only with its most magnificent buildings, but also with many beautiful specimens of sculpture.

The Library of St. Mark is said to be indebted for its origin to the generosity of Petrarch. The poet had visited Venice in the character of Ambassador from the Visconti, to negotiate peace between the Republic and Genoa; and the consideration and respect with which he was received, appear to have produced an impression upon his mind highly favourable to the Venetians. Visiting the city on another occasion, he announced his intention of be queathing to the republic his library. The Venetians gratefully accepted this inestimable present, which became the foundation of the Library of St. Mark. Amongst the manuscripts collected by Petrarch were one of Homer, presented to him by Nicholas Seguros, Ambassador from the Emperor of the East; a Sophocles, which he had received from Leontius Pilate, his instructor in the Greek language; a Latin translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey by the same person, copied by the hand of his pupil Boccaccio, together with the greater part of the works of Cicero, which the poet had himself transcribed.

Stimulated, probably, by the example of Petrarch, Cardinal Bessarion, in the year 1468, presented to the republic of Venice his rare collection of Greek and Latin manuscripts. In the letter which he addressed on this occasion to the Doge and Senate, he stated that, even from his boyhood, he had exerted all his labour, care and study, in the collection of books in every branch of literature. That, in his early youth, he had not only copied several volumes in his own hand, but had expended all the little money he could save in the purchase of manuscripts. That although he had ever been earnestly bent on such acquisitions, yet that, after the destruction of Constantinople, he had consumed his entire care, strength, power, and industry, in increasing his collection of the Greek writers; and that he had now selected the city of Venice as the depository of his library, on account of its admirable government, the number of Greeks who frequented it, and the benefits which he himself had derived from that city. This splendid gift was gratefully received by the Venetians, and by a decree of the Senate, was lodged in the ducal palace. The learned Sabellicus was the first librarian to whom the care of this collection was confided.

The chief benefactors to the Library of St. Mark, after its illustrious founders, Petrarch and Bessarion, were Geronymo Justiniani, Jacopo Nani, several members of the illustrious family of Contarini, Venturi Leonigo, Piero Morosini, and Nicolo Manuzzi. The librarians to whom the literary treasures of St. Mark were committed were of two classes, the superior or honorary librarian, and the acting librarian. In the list of the former, many of the most celebrated Venetian names are to be found—the warriors, the scholars, and the Doges of Venice. Of the acting librarians many have been distinguished by their attachment to literature, and by their successful efforts in its cause.

Venice has always occupied an illustrious station in the republic of letters. She claims, though the claim has been disputed, the glory of having been the first to introduce the art of printing in Italy. The manuscript treasures of St. Mark's Library, and the learning and munificence of the Venetian nobility, soon drew to that city the most distinguished printers of the fifteenth century. The editions or princips of many of the classical writers were ushered from the Venetian press, which also gave to the world the first edition of the Bible printed in Hebrew characters. To Venice also is referred the invention of newspapers, a very remarkable fact, when the nature of the government is considered. The name of Gazette is derived from gazetta, a small piece of money paid for the Venetian newsletters. In literature, the annals of Venice present a long roll of splendid names—scholars, poets, and philosophers.

"OMNIA FERT ÆTAS."—Virg.

Or, Rome! shade of ruins! Niobé
Of empires, bowed beneath the wreck of time!
Thy longing after immortality
On earth, alas! how vain. Mid blood and crime
That deluged earth and dyed the forming brine,
Thy car triumphant roll'd on fortune's wheel,
Till trophy, arch, and pillar, o'er each clime,
Thy haughty shadow spread; and thou didst reel,
Made drunk under Saturnalia's dim sea of fire and steel

Thy cloud-capt towers, thy battlements and spires,
Thy gilded domes, reflecting Sol's bright beams,
Alas! where are they now? No more the fires
Of Tully's noble accents, glow in streams
Immortal; boding ill, the grey owl screams
Where once the Muses held their proud abode,
When Virgil's lay, and Ovid's strain, in dreams
Of fancy, soared sublime. Where's he whose nod
In Cæsar's hall once awed the world? An earthly God!

Where is the column of that virtuous King,
Good Trajan? Time, relentless in his race,
To groveling dust its towering height did bring,
And now St. Peter's statue claims the place.
O'er steps of broken thrones your way you trace,
Where conquering legions oft moved solemnly,
And "Io Pæans" cried! Now to retrace
The moral—what each nation's fate must be—
First virtue, freedom, wealth, then vice and anarchy

Is empire's glory, then, an airy dream—
A phantom—which allures but to deceive?
Go muse and o'er the tombs of Thebes—a scene
With interest fraught—and from her lips, receive
The story of her hoards of gains! At eve,
Palmy's and Persepolis survey,
Majestic in their fall, and then believe
Man's greatness but the mockery of a day.
Alas! for Troy—a song! but who dare it essay!

Oh, Athens! thou soil of classic fire—
The muse, the sage, and hero's sacred shrine,
What fervent raptures does thy name inspire!
But ah! the dismal sound of law divine—
"From dust as to dust"—proclaims the march of time,
And o'er the wrecking footsteps seem to say—
"The temples, and the tombs of thy line!
Where are they now?" and pause to survey
The ruins, echo answers low, "decay—decay."

The magic of thy name, Oh, Marathon!
Has lost its force. No more with martial fame
Do Grecian bosoms swell: o'pre-sed—undone—
He lies at ease, ingorious! On thy plain
Proud Persia's host encumbered: and thou'd'st gain
Undying laurels. Ah! but here, who's this
A skeleton! Whose, now blanch'd by wind and rain,
Whose chambers foul, the worm dethrons to leave,
The home of thought and wit—ambition's edifice!

In tides successive thus have rolled the fate
Of empires. Veiled in dearth barbarian night,
The sun of life energies now, to date
The rise of freedom, commerce, arts, polite,
And busy hum of industry—the might
Of nations. For destruction ripe, soon
Her glories, star by star, expire, till light
In one grand sea smouldering gloom. Her race is run.
The regnant crimes with nodding plume, and pendant's gone!

Oh, thou! Britannia! Queen of Neptune's realm!
Instruct us o'er what seas thy banner waved,
When Pindar sung, and Priam's hand the helm
Of state controlled. What classic poets laved
In thy Castalian springs, when Cæsar braved
Thy shores: and when the Roman EAGLE spread
Its conquering wings, where was thy LION caved?
Tell us who crowned'st thy "right divine," thy head,
When Joseph wore his coat of purple, blue, and red!

No! Albion's isle was ne'er of Greece or Rome
The rival. Rude—unpicred—on Ocean's waste
A speck, as 'twere a mustard-seed in womb
Of Time, creative, then destroying, placed,
It lay, till fate ordained the mighty East
Should sink, and Revolution's seed be blown
To Western climes. To growth mature increased,
Her towering boughs extend from Zone to Zone,
And spread a haughty gloom o'er wreck of tower and throne.

In arts, philosophy, and eloquence—
In arms, in commerce, and poetic fire,
Britannia, thou art happy! Yes, imminence
Thou art! And stood a wonder-struck, admire
The dazzling glory, destined to expire,
When pomp and folly, crime and pride of power,
Shall hurl on Europe's chime destruction dire!
Will empire's beam then cease to tilt? No! O'er
Columbia's sail, Jove's bird will still triumphant soar!

Oh, Thou! whose mighty fiat th' equipoise
Of empire's scale prescribes, or causes now
To rise, or sink alternate, exercise
Thy favour: on our infant land, bestow
Those Virtues which ensure success:—her brow
Encircle with the wreath of Industry,
Of Science and of Art:—to us allow
An ignorance of vice and luxury—
And grant a WASHINGTON to guard our LIBERTY.

S. P.

From the Token for 1835.

THE BROKEN MERCHANT.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

CHAPTER I.—THE DISCLOSURE.

"Here's a sudden charge."

"ARE you ill, Charles?" said Mrs. Carlton, laying down her pencil; she had been sketching. Her husband did not answer, but seating himself heavily on the sofa, he pressed his right hand on his forehead.

His young wife arose gently, there was a slight suffusion on her cheek, but it was not wounded pride that her question had been unheeded. She leaned over the arm of the sofa, and tenderly laid her hand on his forehead. "Is there much pain in your head, my love?"

"Yes,—deep, terrible. Emily, you cannot relieve it."

"Let me try my skill at Mesmerism," said she, as she playfully ran her fingers through the clusters of his hair, and lifting the dark locks from his temple, pressed her rosy lip on the swollen and throbbing veins. Her kiss was so soft and still, that had a jealous lover been watching beside her he would not have heard a sound. Real and pure affection is always quiet and delicate in its attentions—and no man of refinement can long love a wife, whose demonstrations of attachment are obtrusive and importunate.

Charles Carlton scarcely heard the kiss of his wife, but he felt it thrill through every pulse and nerve. It was pledged affection of a loving and true heart. His hand trembled, fell, and his eyes, as they met hers, filled with tears.—Emily's heart sank within her, as the fear of some terrible calamity rushed upon her mind; but she strove to sustain herself, and taking her husband's hand in both of hers, she sat down by his side.

"Charles, dear Charles," said she enquiringly.

"Emily."——

"My dear husband, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing"—said he, calmly.

"Nothing!—O, do not say so. Let me comfort you, at least. Tell me, what has happened?"

"I will tell you, Emily—for you must know. I am ruined."

"Ruined! How? Why?"

"I am a Bankrupt, Emily. I have *failed*—lost all my property; all!" and he again covered his face.

"Well, my dear husband, if it be lost, let it go. There are a thousand ways to live by industry; and I can do a good many things."

"But, Emily, you do not comprehend this at all. I am a broken merchant. I shall not be trusted with business. I owe thousands that I cannot pay. I have nothing, nothing left."

"Yes, my love, you have what you have often called your dearest treasure still." And she twined her arm around the neck of her husband, and tenderly drew his head upon her shoulder.

"Bless you, bless you, my own Emily—my wife! you have comforted me."

CHAPTER II.—FRIENDS.

"Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fears."

"ANY news this morning? Mr. Halford?" said John Folsom, to the gentleman who entered his counting room. He was a tall, pale man, with a commercial looking face, that is, bilious and rather care worn; but the keen glance of his eye was tempered by a benevolent smile; and when he raised his hat, the high, full, smooth forehead bore the unequivocal stamp of a warm heart and a good conscience.

"The only news of the morning is that Carlton has failed," said Mr. Halford.

"Yes, I knew that last evening," replied Folsom.

"Is it a total failure? Or will he be doing business again in six months?"

"Radical; a thorough failure. Given up all."

"That is rather an unusual course," remarked Mr. Halford. "Most of our broken merchants contrive to secure a share for themselves. You are his friend—why did you not advise him better?"

"Your pardon, Sir. I never advise my friends. It only offends them. Throw physic to the dogs as soon."

"I heard that the failure was caused by signing for Hart & Co. Was that true?"

"Partly so. Carlton lost about $20,000 by that firm; but then he might have gone on in business for some months, and perhaps have got over his embarrassments entirely, if he had not been so very squeamish!"

"Squeamish." How do you mean?

"Why, he applied to old Colonel Davis, to whom he was owing a considerable debt, and told him how matters stood, and the reasons he had for believing he might retrieve his affairs, if he could obtain a loan of ten thousand for a few months, and he offered Davis good security for the money—but the old Colonel knows how to manage. He would not loan the cash, unless he could have his debt likewise provided for in the security. This Carlton thought would not be doing the honorable by his other creditors, and he refused; and Davis immediately levied an attachment."

"Carlton should have applied to his other friends; he ought to have many, for he has been a very obliging man. I think there must have been some who would have remembered his loans. Did he not once assist you, Mr. Folsom, materially?"

"Yes, yes, his name was of some service at the time my creditors run me so hard; but I have paid him."

"There are benefits which the mere value received never pays," remarked Mr. Halford dryly, as he left the store of the dashing merchant. He walked hastily up Chesnut Street.

"I will call on Carlton," said he to himself, as he went on. "Perhaps I can hit on some plan to put him again in business. He has a lovely young wife, and it must sorely try the spirit of a man who loves his family to see them destitute. He owes me, but it is no matter. I find he has been honest, even under the hard temptation of bankruptcy. He has acted honorably, and he shall be sustained."

CHAPTER III.—THE PARTING.

——"Tearings such as pres
The life from out young hearts."

It was June, the "bright and leafy June," and such a glorious day! There are mornings when it seems as though the angel at heaven's portal had purposely left the "adamantine gates" ajar, that our cold earth and callous hearts might be revived and purified with the hallowed tide of light, and life, and love. We idly talk of Nature as of a goddess, and say she renews her youth and beauty, and puts on the green robe of Spring, and the flowery mantle of Summer, and Autumn's rich and sheafy crown; but the energy of Nature is only the breath of the Almighty, the Creator; her beauty is but the reflection of his benevolence, and her bounty the overflowing of his ever-during love for the creatures He hath made. Rely on Him and thou wilt never be forsaken, never destitute, never in despair.

"We will trust in God, my dear husband," said Mrs. Carlton, as she wiped the tears which, all unconsciously to herself, had, for minutes, been raining from her eyes on the fair forehead of her babe, as he stood at her knee, looking up with an earnest gaze at his mother. He had never before seen her face in sorrow; it seemed to astonish, almost petrify him. "Dear Henry," she continued, clasping him to her bosom, "how I wish you could speak! You should tell papa that we will think of him and love him every hour he is gone. But you will soon learn to talk. Charles, I shall have nothing to do but teach Henry and write to you, and Paris is not quite to the end of the world."

Charles Carlton kept his station by the open window. A stranger, who had only remarked the rapid glance of his eye, as it wandered from earth to heaven, might have fancied him a poet, in the ecstacies of inspiration. Alas! His musings were of a sterner quality than poet's dreams. He felt the reality of struggling with himself. There are few occasions that more deeply try the soul of man, than parting with the only being he feels sure loves him. He is Adam, going from his paradise alone.

Emily suddenly started up with her infant in her arms, and stood by her husband's side. She had caught the sound of coming wheels, and she knew he must go. There is no indulging in sentiment when a steam-boat is waiting. But love, aye, real affection is as deeply expressed in a word as in twenty.

There was such a look of love, of unutterable affection in the tender smile which dimpled his pale cheek, as she held the babe to her husband for his farewell kiss, that it quite overcame the heart it was intended to encourage. Had she wept or complained, Charles Carlton would have rallied his manly fortitude to comfort and sustain her, but now he only felt that he was obliged to leave all he held dearest on earth, *he was the sufferer*, and clasping his dear ones to his bosom, his kisses were the only farewell his *lips could frame*.

"And is he gone? on sudden solitude
How oft that fearful question will intrude.
'Twas but an instant passed, and here he stood!
And now without the portal's front she rushed,
And there as long as *her tears in* freedom gushed!"

CHAPTER IV.—GOSSIP.

"The love of show, alas, that it should warp
Our kindliest feelings, by its selfish pride."

"So, your beautiful friend Mrs. Carlton, the brightest star in the galaxy of fashion, has been shorn of her beams, they tell me, and has left Philadelphia, and buried herself somewhere in the shades of Kensington;" said Mr. Mears.

"Say rather, she is ruralizing in Kensington. I cannot endure to think of such a total eclipse for poor Emily," said Miss Arabella Folsom, affectedly sighing, as she clasped her jeweled fingers, in a manner to display all the most costly and sparkling rings.

"Have you visited her since her retirement?" enquired Mr. Mears.

"O, no. It would pain me excessively to meet poor Emily under a sense of her altered fortune! Indeed I fear my emotion would be uncontrollable, and thus afflict her. I would not spare myself," said the young lady, again sighing deeply.

"Bell is so devotedly attached to Mrs. Carlton, that this misfortunate has nearly broken her heart," said Mrs. Folsom, the mother. "I wish she had not so much sensibility."

"Why, it is rather an unpleasant affair to fail in business," remarked Mr. Mears; "but it is not very uncommon; and I don't see it is likely to do Carlton any serious injury. He has gone out to Paris, agent for Halford & Co. a good firm; and I hear he is allowed to do something besides for his own benefit. Perhaps, in a few years he will return rich enough to flourish as gay as ever."

"I think, Bell, you had better ride to Kensington, one of these fine mornings and call on Mrs. Carlton," said Mrs. Folsom.

"I would, mamma, with all my heart, only she lives with her odd old aunt, the Mrs. Yates, whom I used to detest so much. What made Emily endure her I never could imagine, perhaps it was that she might have a friend in time of need."

"Mrs. Carlton was incapable of such calculating selfishness, I am sure," said Mr. Mears warmly, forgetting in his zeal for the injured absent lady that he was dissenting from the opinion of her particular *friend*.

"O, I dare say you are right, Mr. Mears," said Miss Folsom, with an air of pique. "Emily had a most sweet and winning manner, and really she was very amiable, and always appeared to love her aunt; but that was no good reason why others should also adore the old lady. Really, to me she was disagreeable. Why, she was always prosing about the influence of woman, and her duties, and moral improvement, and all such obsolete stuff. She is a walking lecture, and I wonder how Emily can endure to live with her."

"You would not, Bell, I am very sure," said John Folsom, as he entered the parlor.

"No indeed, brother, I could not submit to such a humdrum life. Out of fashion, out of existence for me."

"Bell, how wildly you talk!" said the mother. "I am really astonished. I never heard you so unsentimental before. Reverses sometimes happen to the very rich, and you are not certain of always being among the fortunate. To be sure I do not know what I could do if John should fail!" and she elevated her large lace handkerchief with a swell of importance.

"I know, I would die at once," cried the young lady, vehemently.

Her brother bit his lip, and Mr. Mears, politely bowing, bade the ladies good morning.

CHAPTER V.—MATRIMONIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherished,
Deserved to be dearest of all."

From Mr. Carlton to his wife.

Paris, Sept. 1822.

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You see then, dearest, that my business, or rather that of Halford & Co. goes on bravely here; and all that disquiets me is my separation from you. I often compare my former ideas of gay and sunny France, with the desert-like feelings that now oppress me, whenever I visit, as I do occasionally, its scenes of fame and its temples of amusement. I feel little interest in these things, except as I can combine the new objects presented with your image in my heart. I will describe this to Emily, I will tell this to Emily, I will keep this for Emily, is the language of my soul when I see, hear, or obtain any thing that pleases and interests me. In the hurry of business your idea is constantly present, encouraging me to exertion, and I really enjoy my toil; but when I go to the solitude of my own chamber, and find no Emily to welcome me with a smile, and a kind word, I am desolate and sad.

I wonder how any man can endure life who only lives for himself! Dearest Emily, do write often, and tell me every thing about yourself and little Henry. God bless the boy!

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From Mrs. Carlton to her husband.

Kensington, Oct. 1822.

I have a precious piece of news for you, my dear husband. Henry can speak a whole sentence. What do you think it is? but don't guess. I want to tell you the whole story. Every morning after breakfast I have taken him to my chamber, and there shown him your miniature, and I say to him as he kisses it, "It is papa. Henry loves papa." I wanted he should be in the constant habit of remembering and loving you. And this morning he said it himself, of his own accord. "Henry loves papa!" O, I never was so happy! I laughed and wept, and caressed and kissed him, and he was wild with joy, because he found he had delighted me so; and he said fifty times over "Henry loves papa!" How I wish you could hear him!

This incident, my dear Charles, has awakened a train of serious and happy reflections in my mind. I am quite a convert to my good aunt's theory, that happiness is always found in the path of duty; and then she has another apothegm, which I hope I shall find as true, that adversity has deeper and purer pleasures than prosperity.

Had we, my husband, continued in our prosperity, I should probably have lost this dear and precious pleasure of hearing my child's first sentence. Perhaps, too, instead of having his first accents imbued with filial love, and his heart strengthened in its pure feelings by his mother's caresses, he might have given expressions to some angry passion or selfish appetite, that would have defiled his sweet lispings, and might have given an evil impulse to his feelings which could never have been corrected. O, it is strange that woman can think so much of jewels from the mines of earth, when she holds the key of the heart's treasures! I ask myself what amount of wealth would have given me the unutterable transport which my babe's first simple sentence has done? I can answer before God, that no amount could have made me so happy.

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From Mrs. Carlton to her husband.

Kensington, July, 1823.

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——"How do I pass my time this summer?" is your question. Well, as you seem to rely so confidently on my confession, it shall be frank and full; though somewhat abridged, for patience over a long letter is not. I am told, the virtue of man.

First on my list of doings I rank my maternal duties, pleasures I call them; and if you could see little Henry, he is not *little* now, and hear him talk,—his voice is as sweet as a bird's—you would think I was a good mother. And is not that something in my favor, Charles?

Then I assist my kind aunt in her housekeeping, and in her charities too; for though she has no great store of worldly goods, she is rich in good works. Do you wish to know what I *contribute*? My sympathies, my attentions, kind words and encouraging smiles, and, really, Charles, I never received so expressive, and, as I think, so sincere gratitude for all my bounteous gifts, (you know we did give largely in our days of prosperity,) as I now receive from the poor, for my good will merely. Charity of spirit towards the poor is more popular with them, and more beneficial too, than charities in money.

But amusements, ah, I have them plenty; I walk, ride, and botanize. If you could see Henry and me out gathering flowers, and hear his glad laugh when he finds one, and laugh as loud as he, you would think it was amusing to botanize. Then my music is a delightful pleasure, because then, Charles, I feel as if my spirit was communing with yours. Thank you a thousand times for your last collection, the pieces are all charming, and I can perform that "divine air," as you style it, charmingly; at least, so says Monsieur D.——; and you used to think him the standard of taste in music. Seriously, I do think I have made great proficiency in music this last year; send me the songs you prefer, and when you return you will hear me sing like a *Prima Donna*.

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From Mrs. Carlton to her husband.

Kensington, July 4th, 1824.

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You can hardly imagine, my dear Charles, how happy your last letter made me! and you think, that in one year more, you will be able to return, with sufficient to pay your creditors. And then we will celebrate our independence, Charles! What a happy day it will be; and how different, too, the sources of our happiness from that which I once foolishly thought was the basis of enjoyment!

I will tell you why I write with such warmth; you will, I know, be glad to learn that one debt is paid. About three months ago, a poor woman came from the city to our neighborhood in search of employment. She called at our house; and aunt being out, I went down to see the woman. She looked wretchedly, and when she saw I pitied her, she went on to tell me a long story of troubles, how she had lived in the city, kept a confectioner's shop, been unfortunate in her customers, till finally she had to give up her trade; and her husband, for her debts, had been sent to jail.

I asked her why she was so unfortunate in her customers? "O," said she, "they did not pay me;" and she went on to name a number of ladies, who were foremost among the fashionables when I was in town, as delinquents. And then, Charles, she "named my name" among the rest. "There was that pretty Mrs. Carlton, (I give her words) she owed me a hundred dollars when her husband failed."

My face was crimson I believe; the woman started to see my agitation, and then she recollected me. I do not think she had before any idea who I was. Don't think, Charles, that I am wofully altered. She had never seen me dressed so prettily, and shall I tell you the compliment? She said she had never seen me look so handsome, so very handsome, for, said she, "I never saw you have such healthy, rosy cheeks before."

I remember partaking confectionary of her the last winter we were in town, but I had never thought of it since. One hundred dollars! and the articles were nearly all furnished, she said, for our last grand party. Of the "dear five hundred friends" I then invited, only five have ever shown a wish to continue the friendship, since our failure.

One hundred dollars! The poor woman said it would release her husband from jail. I sold my pearls, Charles, and paid her. And the pride and pleasure I felt that first evening I wore them, when you whispered they became me, was nothing to my exultation when I had sent the poor creature to release her husband.

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From Mrs. Carlton to her husband.

Kensington, January, 1825.

My dear Charles—I have sad, sad news. John Folsom is dead; shot himself last Friday night! He left a note, stating that his property was gone; and that he trusted God would have more mercy for his sin, than the world would for his poverty. Mistaken man, to fear the world's contumely more than the law of his God!

O, how I do pity his mother and sister; poor Bell. I once loved her like a sister; she has entirely neglected me since my retirement, and so I thought but little of her; but now I feel my affection all revive. Poor girl; how I wish I could comfort her! If they had only lost their property, it would have been nothing. I could have told them that there are a thousand sources of happiness independent of wealth and fashion; pleasures which may be enjoyed without money; but what can I say now? What should I have done? How been, if you, O, my beloved husband—how thankful I feel that God has sustained us in our reverses—

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From Mr. Carlton to his wife.

Paris, April, 1825.

What shall I say, love, respecting the sad news? I am greatly distressed. Poor Folsom; he was much to be pitied. You do not, cannot know his temptations to the rash and wicked act; but my acquaintance with his character, and with the mania of his mother and sister to be among the fashionables, has led me to most painful reflections on his unhappy fate. He was ambitious, but naturally generous and enthusiastic, and had his pride been rightly directed towards useful and noble objects, he would have made a noble-minded and useful man.

But his mother and sister thought only of show and eclat; and they bound down his spirit to the circle of the world of fashion. In their esteem he was the greatest man, who could keep the most expensive establishment, and afford the females of his family the most costly array. It was their reproaches and complaints which poor John dared not meet. He could have braved the world; but there was for him no rest at home.

Do not think I am placing all the sins of my sex to the account of yours. We have a long and dark catalogue of our own; but I do think that, in our country, it is in woman's power, if she would rightly exert her moral influence, to call forth our virtues, and even to make our impetuous passions subservient to great and glorious purposes. But if the American women worship wealth, the men will sacrifice their souls to gain it.

A thousand, thousand blessings on you, my love. You have sustained my spirit by your cheerful affection, and your example and counsel are every day strengthening in me the determination to be worthy of such a wife. Pray for me, that my heart may be purified from all sinful and worldly affections, and kept from those fierce temptations which only heavenly grace can enable us to overcome.

Your husband, CHARLES CARLTON.

CHAPTER VI.—NEWS.

"Ill-favoured is the bearer of ill-news."

"There is a gentleman below who has a letter for Mrs. Carlton," said the domestic.

"Why did he not send it up?"

"He said it was not to you, madam, but he had brought it for you to read, and he wished to make some explanations."

"Did he give his name?"

"Yes, madam. Mr. Cole."

"Cole, Cole, I do not recollect any person of that name. It is a very elegant name, Cole;" and Mrs. Carlton, as she hurried to finish her toilette, endeavored by dwelling on the name, to keep from her heart the agitating dread of some impending evil. What evil could she fear except as connected with the fate of her husband? She had not heard from him for several months.

"Mrs. Carlton, Sir." Mr. Cole started at the announcement. He had not anticipated seeing a solitary wife looking so like an angel. She was arrayed in a pure white robe, no ornaments, angels never wear them.

"I have received a letter from my French correspondent, making kind enquiries respecting Mr. Carlton, supposing him in Philadelphia, madam."

"Well, Sir."

"Mr. Halford wished me to ascertain if you had heard of your husband of late."

"It is sometime since; about, about," and a burning blush rushed over her cheek, and then as suddenly ebbing, left her face white as new-fallen snow.

"How long did you say? madam."

"Nearly six months;" and her voice sank with the suffocating sensation at her heart, as she thought, "how long!"

"Mr. Carlton, it seems, left Paris about four months since."

"Just the time he named in his letter that he should embark for home. O, what has happened? Where is he? Can you not tell me? The letter!"

"Be calm, madam; pray be calm," said Mr. Cole, to a most soothing tone. "Nothing has happened that we can ascertain. Mr. Carlton was highly respected at Paris, and this letter, you may see it, only speaks in general terms of his [illegible]. Be calm, Mrs. Carlton, pray do not affect yourself. What! not well! the lady has fainted!"

"Strange she should faint! I never thought a wife cared so much for her husband. I wonder who would grieve if I should be lost? I'll marry; that's settled; I'll marry;—so thought Mr. Cole as he rode homewards.

CHAPTER VII.—THE DENOUEMENT.

"Hope is brightest when it dawns from tears."

"Doctor how do you find my poor little niece, Mrs. Carlton, this morning?" said Mrs. Eaton.

"No better, no better, heartsick, Mrs. Eaton. Medicines do little good in such cases."

"You still recommend travelling?"

"Yes, Madam."

"A sea voyage?"

"I should say it promised to be beneficial."

"To France."

"Yes, take her to Paris; let her see the friends of her late husband, and hear their praises of his character. Such things awaken the current of life, and its thoughts; if you can arouse these, the mother will triumph in her heart, and she will strive to become reconciled to the dispensation of Providence and to life, for her child's sake."

"A christian should always be reconciled," remarked Mrs. Eaton.

"True, but Christians need motives to obedience; and in cases of severe affliction these motives should be placed in the most touching light. Pardon me, madam; I know I am only repeating your sentiments, those, indeed, which I have learned from your own lips and life."

"O, doctor you have probed me to the quick. I am the selfish one, the unreconciled. I did not repine that the affections of my niece were given to Mr. Carlton. I felt that she ought to love her husband better than any other earthly friend. But I cannot bear that the whole heart of my precious child should be buried in the grave of her husband, I want her to turn to me."

"And so she will, madam, as soon as this torpor of grief is in some measure removed."

"Dear Emily," said Mrs. Eaton, greatly moved, "She shall go to Paris. I will conquer myself. I will talk to her of her husband; he was an excellent man, and worthy her love. There! there! Is not that he? Merciful heaven, my prayers are heard! It is Charles!"

* * * * * * *

"I sent you a long letter the day before I left Paris, detailing all the reasons which induced me to go to Constantinople; and stating also the probability that you might not receive another letter or hear from me, till I had the blessed privilege of thus assuring you of my health and happiness," and Charles Carlton alternately pressed the pale lip of his wife and the rosy cheeks of his boy, as they were both encircled in his arms.

"The letter never reached me, and, Charles, you cannot know how this silence distressed me."

"I see it, I feel it too well, my own love. If I had anticipated your affliction, not all the bright prospects held out by Mr. Dupin, would have weighed a feather. I would have come to you."

"O never think of it, Charles. It is over; you are here, and I shall soon be well; and then how happy we will be! you must not leave me again."

"Never, never. I have money enough, besides paying all my creditors, except Mr. Halford, who has voluntarily relinquished his claim, to begin business again for myself. We shall know how to estimate our blessings, how to enjoy them. We will live for domestic happiness, for social improvement, for religious duties."

"But never again, my husband, for fashionable display."

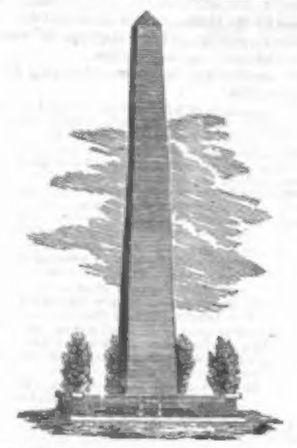
"Never, Emily."

FALLS OF NIAGARA

There is a temple reared by Nature's hand,
Where Nature's God receives eternal praise;
And sought unholy there may ever tread
But 'tis with dire destruction quick pursued,
Nor sound to tell what there was seen, or heard.
Its base, the solid rock, its dome, the blue
Ethereal sky, where lilase, myriads
Of twinkling lamps, that shed continual streams
Of brightness, on the sacred floor beneath:
And sun, and moon, alternate, pour a flood
Of glorious light, before the holy Altar;
On whose awful front, the Supreme Architect
Hath fixed his bow of promise.
Forth from thy fount, a cloud of spray ascends,
Directed by no mortal hand, but as
Moved by inherent life, in gentle showers
Distils o'er all within this consecrated spot.
Here, in this holy temple, nature,
Her own high priest, performs her wild devotion,
And chants an anthem of eternal praise,
That shakes the trembling earth, and rends the skies.

A. W. W.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.



The corner stone of this obelisk was laid by the hands of the illustrious Lafayette, then on a visit to this country, on the 17th June 1825. On that occasion an immense concourse of citizens assembled from all parts of the United States, to witness the interesting ceremonies, the depth, however, at which it was laid, being insufficient to resist the action of the frost, it was taken up, the foundation sunk, the same relaid, and on the 21st of July, 1827, the base, 50 feet in diameter, was completed. From this base the monument is to rise 220 feet, and when completed will present a very neat and imposing appearance. Its location is near Boston, on the scite of the battle of Bunker's Hill, of which important event in our Revolutionary struggle, it will stand in commemoration.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Original.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

In early day e'er thoughtful care,
My brow had furrowed o'er,
I revel'd with the young and fair,
Who beauty's empire bore.

Of wond'ring tired, I mused with care
At Hymen's shrine to bend—
Could I but find among the fair,
A wife—and bosom friend.

On Celia first my eyes I cast,
The maid was fair and gay,
I knew her witty, thought her chaste—
But Celia went astray.

Florella next put in her claim,
No elfin young and gay;
And had she fixed a constant aim,
Had stol'n my heart away:

But she was lighter than the down
That sails upon the air,
The fickle toast of half the town,
Could not my heart ensnare.

Miranda, solemn, learn'd and wise,
A crowd of folks admire,
Miranda's self forbidding eyes,
Could ne'er light Cupid's fire.

Emma had a graceful mien,
Charms native; Charms of art—
She look'd, and mov'd like beauty's queen,
She wanted—but a heart.

Then Hymen I began to slight,
When on a destined hour,
The lovely Juliet met my sight,
Laugh'd—and owned her pow'r.

No airs she used, no aid she took,
Of feature, shape, or air,
In forms like her's 'tis virtue makes
The fairest of the fair.

Now of each trifling wind the sport,
My bark is lost no more,
With her I've made the happy port
And all my cares are o'er.

Agnes.

From Mrs. Hall's "Tales of Woman's Trials."

"Another year had passed; and again the mistress of Castle Raymond was seated alone in the same apartment in which we once saw her try on the token of her new contract. Colonel O'Donnell (for money achieves rank) had been absent on business, and his wife, more impatiently than usual, awaited his return. As she threw open the casement windows, shaded by a rich drapery of pink and silver, and stepped forth upon the marble terrace that overlooked the lawns, the beams of the harvest moon shed a so dull light and glory upon her head; yet her mien was none that feeble, and she threw her arm round one of the pillars of the colonnade to support her in a spot where she could hear the approaching tread of his horse's hoofs, long before they entered the avenue of fragrant lime leading to the castle. Suddenly a female sprang upon the terrace, and stood beside the lady so silently, that Marian, unaccustomed as she was to fear, would have called to her servants, had not the stranger, by an energetic movement, enjoined her to silence. She looked upon the pale, attenuated figure enveloped in a deep scarlet cloak; and as the hood, which had been drawn over the woman's face, fell back, Marian thought she recognised the features. "You've forgotten me, lady, and no wonder," said the stranger; "I deserve that you should; and I only pray the blessed Virgin that I was'nt myself!—God forbid her fortune before every honest man's child!" "I remember you now, Mary Deane," said Marian; "but it is impossible for me to remember one I have been so long without seeing: can I do any thing for you poor girl?" The woman fell at her feet, and, while she kept her cloak closely clasped around her, sobbed forth a petition, "She who would'nt turn again her entirely, and one her worse than a dog." She had, in truth but reason to expect such treatment from the mistress of Castle Raymond, who, ruining her from the earth, would have led her into the room she had so recently quitted, had not the girl refused to enter.—"Sure I've made an oath never to cross his door! and don't ask me, lady, darlint, for I'm a poor unworthy sinner—God-stricken and dying, and willin and happy to die, if I was'nt; though I am young, and the only child of my father—and yet, to my sorrow, I've heard the white-headed cold man pray that I'd never been born—and worse, lady, worse nor that, I saw him (and here her words came short and broken,) I saw him kneel down on his own hearth-stone, and curse me and mine, lady! me and mine! Oh! why indeed was I born—why indeed was I born! Yet I call the God who sees into my very heart this minute to witness for me, that, lady, darlint, I meant you no wrong; but he had the winning way with him, and it be could win you, no wonder he bewildered me." "If white speak you, Mary Deane?" inquired Marian, in a voice of agonizing emotion, dreading she knew not what or whom; of whom speak you?" "Of your husband, lady; of the is her of—my child." As she answered, her head sank upon her bosom, and throwing open the cloak that had hitherto shrouded her, discovered a sleeping boy upon her bosom. "Tis all a falsehood—a fraud got up to—to—drive me mad!" exclaimed Marian, "a base lie! Woman! how dare you slander him?" "Look at him!" cried Mary Deane, holding the child forward in where the light from a glowing lamp was streaming on the glittering pavement, Marian did look—long and anxiously look; she pushed the small round yellow curls from the boy's forehead; and as the movement fully roused him from the deep sweet sleep of infancy, he smiled in her face, and clasping his little hands in admiration of some of the rich jewels that glittered on her dress. The smile confirmed the tale,

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, February 28.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 26 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, and the Canal Basin.

☞ Advertisements from a distance, are not inserted in this paper, unless paid for in advance.

☞ Where addressing the publisher respecting subscriptions, correspondents will please always mention at what post office the paper is received.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We would be glad to have an interview with C. B. B. His lines on Winter are received.

The articles from Akron, will be inserted.

The communication referred to by "J. D. S." was not preserved. Articles that are not filed for publication, we cannot undertake to return to their respective authors.

We do not approve of the subject which Poor Will has selected for an article, and are constrained to reject his lines, though they contain many passages that are by no means discreditable. Young writers should leave love stories for older hands, for unless they are skilfully managed they degenerate to silliness and are disgusting beyond measure. Poor Will must be patient.

The sketch by Juvenis is prosy and dull.

The article signed O. P. Q. will be published shortly.

Sidney will receive attention

Cassandra is rejected.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Unfortunate Man.—Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, have just published an American edition of "The Unfortunate Man," by Capt. Chamier, of the Royal Navy, author of the "Life of a Sailor." We have found leisure to peruse a few chapters only, and these have prepossessed us in its favour. All who have read Captain Chamier's previous work, will no doubt take up the present with eagerness. We may speak of it more particularly next week.

Part 11, of the Franklin Library, contains the conclusion of Jacob Faithful, and several tales from the pen of James Sheridan Knowles, among which are—The Magdalen, Love and Authorship, and Old Adventures.

Number 4 of the American Magazine, published in Boston, by the Boston Bewick Company, has just appeared. It contains a number of embellishments, and a variety of interesting reading articles.

Mr. John S. Littell's "Law Library" for March has been issued, and contains complete, Hayes's "Principles for Expounding Dispositions of Real Estate to Ancestor and Heirs in Tail, Parent and Issue, and Solving the Question, 'Whether the first taker in Tenant for Life or in Tail?'" with an Elementary Essay, and Dissertations on several of Mr. Fearne's Doctrines and Analytical Tables of Cases, exhibiting their Distinctions at one view; Precedents, and Practical Notes."

The April number of this valuable periodical will contain the commencement of a Practical Treatise of *Assets, Debts and Incumbrances.* By James Ram, Esq. of the Inner Temple.

We again heartily recommend the "Law Library" to the favour of the profession, as a cheap, invaluable publication, *necessary* we should think to every reading lawyer, and always appearing in a beautiful dress.

Catechism on Chemistry.—A little work, entitled a "Catechism on Chemistry, adapted to the course of lectures delivered in the University of Pennsylvania —by Isaac S. Hanes, M. D." has just been published Mr. J. G. Auner, 321 Market street. It treats of the various branches of this interesting science, in a brief and condensed form, and furnishes much valuable information for the man of science as well as for the general reader.

The Gentleman in Black.—This is the title of a very amusing work in one volume, just published by Carey and Hart of this city. The Gentleman in Black, is the gentleman with a long tail, who assumes a tangible shape, and tenders assistance to a gay votary of fashion, who has lost his all at the gaming table. A contract is made between the parties—the Gentleman in Black agrees to provide money, and the poor Frenchman proposes to win a second the first year, two seconds the second, four seconds the third, eight seconds the fourth, sixteen seconds the fifth, and so on during his natural life. The incidents of the work hinge upon this contract, and the gradual progress of crime is most admirably depicted. The vein of humour, and the laughable scenes interspersed in the work, are irresistable.

Messrs Key & Biddle have just published several new and entertaining works, among which are the following:

Texas and Tamaulipas.—One volume, comprising "The Convict's Daughter," and "The Convent's Daughter." Both are well written and abound with deeply interesting sketches and incidents. The author is Daniel Richardson, Esq. The volume is dedicated to Gen. Spenser Cruckenthorpe, Esq.

Tales in French.—This is a little work that will prove of much value to those who are learning the French language. It contains a great number and variety of tales and essays, stories, &c. suitable for translation. The style is simple, and at the end of each chapter a translation of idiomatic expressions is furnished to aid the student.

The School Boy's Friend.—A small volume prepared by the author of the "Young Man's Own Book," as a manual of scientific and useful recreations, exercises and pursuits, for the leisure hours of youth. It is ornamented with a number of very pretty cuts, and cannot fail to prove an agreeable museum for children. Some idea of the author's plan, and the arrangement of his subjects may be obtained by the following extract, which we recommend to the earnest attention of our juvenile readers.

A Plan for the true enjoyment of Leisure hours during the period of Instruction at School.

What we have already said is sufficient to convince any ingenuous and fair minded youth of the importance of a general system of industry at school. No one who is deeply impressed with the foregoing remarks, will fail to apply himself to his lessons during study hours. What now remains, is to offer some directions as to the proper employment of *leisure hours.* The right disposition of this matter has a very important bearing on the character and success of all. If our leisure time is devoted to utter idleness, to mere trifling or to excess, there is great danger that the whole character may become corrupted and the fairest prospects blighted.

In order that the health should be preserved and the body invigorated, some time must be devoted to active exercise; and we propose, in their proper place, to treat of gymnastics and healthful sports of various kinds. Our purpose at present is to point out a vast field of enjoyment, not only accessible to most boys, during the period while they are at school, but every way conducive to their improvement. The pleasures which we propose to offer, are of the highest and purest kind, tending to enlarge the mind, improve the taste, and purify the affections of the heart—to acquaint the ingenuous youth with the noble works of man and the nobler works of God—to inspire him with a generous emulation in the study of science, and a deep reverence for the Author of Nature.

We shall enumerate the Arts and Sciences which are proper subjects of study for the young, and point out some of the modes in which information may be acquired concerning them even by the unassisted efforts of boys at school; and that too, in a way which will afford the most agreeable recreation at the time, and will not fail to give a taste for scientific inquiry, which will furnish an elegant species of relaxation during the active period of life, and a lasting solace in its decline.

Let not our young readers be alarmed at the array presented in the following short synopsis of the Arts and Sciences. It is like a very small map of the world, which presents nothing but crooked lines and dry names, but it resembles the map in another particular; it is the outline of fair and lovely regions, full of all fruits and flowers, the melody of choice birds, "the pomp of groves and garniture of fields;" and to travel through it with a proper intelligence, we must first look upon a map of the whole, dry and forbidding though it may seem.

A Winter in the West: by a New-Yorker. New York—Harpers & Brothers.

We have taken up no work from the pen of an American writer, and from the press of American publishers, that has afforded us more satisfaction than the present. Considered either in reference to the perspicuity and beauty of style, or the character of its subjects, it is a work of which we feel proud, because it furnishes indisputable evidences of genius, and because the author is an American citizen. The accomplished writer—Mr. Hoffman, late one of the editors of the New York American—gives a sketch of his observations made during a tour to the far region of the great lakes, and the upper Mississippi, passing from New York through New Jersey and Pennsylvania to Wheeling, thence to Pittsburg, Cleaveland and Detroit, thence through Michigan to Galena and Prairie du Chien, and homeward through Illinois, Mississippi and Ohio.

The remarks and observations of the author shew a reflecting mind, in a slight degree tinged with a shade of romance. His reflections are generally apposite and just, while his graphic descriptions of western scenery, boundless forests, vast prairies, mighty mountains and rivers, are at all times animated and vigorous. The language of the work is chaste throughout, and the incidents of the author's journey are rendered deeply interesting, by the manner in which they are described. The work has all the freshness of originality—although the author has not selected an untrodden field—and affords a rich and pleasing picture of our immense western territories, of which so little is known to the residents on the Atlantic slope. We predict for Mr. Hoffman's work an unusual degree of popularity, as it cannot fail to challenge the admiration of all liberal and candid critics.

We cannot forego the pleasure of making two or three extracts.

The treacherous attributes of the shore of Lake Erie suggested to my companion, who, though young, has been a traveller in his day, an incident he witnessed while journeying through some of the remote provinces of Mexico, which would make no feeble subject for the pencil of Weir or Inman. He had ridden with an English gentleman for many hours through an unsettled country, where not a drop of water was to be obtained for their horses, when, coming suddenly upon a clear stream, sparkling over its bed of yellow sand, their weary beasts sprang forward simultaneously, to drink from the grateful current. A break in the bank caused their riders to rein up and dismount, retaining at the same time the loosened reins in their hands, while their horses stepped down to the margin of the brook. The American, finding that the deceitful bottom yielded as soon as touched, jerked his terrified beast from the fatal spot, while as yet his forefeet were only immersed in the quicksand. But the horse of the Englishman, in his eagerness to get at the water, made but one step to destruction. He sunk flounderingly to his shoulders before an effort could be made to rescue him; and then, as in his struggles to extricate himself from the ingulfing pool, he heaved his broad chest high above its surface, and the sucking sands drew his quarters in a moment beneath them. The nostrils of the suffering animal dilated with the fierce death encounter, and giving that hideous cry—

"The cry of steeds that shriek in agony,"

he tossed his head frantically above his greedy grave—his mane fluttered for a moment on the shallow water, and the bed of the stream closed over him for ever.

* * * * * *

The love of spirituous liquors is a natural craving of the red man, which is irrepressible, and as such I have heard the most humane and intelligent persons speak of it,—people who have passed their lives among the Indians, and have done their best to snatch them from the perdition. The haughtiest chief will travel a hundred miles for a pint of whiskey, and get drunk the moment he receives it, whereasoever he may be. Providence seems to have designed that this mysterious race should not continue upon the earth, and late has infused a fatal thirst into their bosoms, which is hastening their doom with fearful activity. But six years ago, and the woods around me were alive with Indians; now they are only traversed by a few such straggliers as these. You may talk of civilization by degrees. The negro furnishes the best raw material for a dandy that can be had; he learns at once how to wear his hat and adjust his shirt collar, according to the last mode of the white man. The Indian, if a fop, departs even further than usual from the costume of a European. He comes from Nature's hands all that she ever intended him to be,—the wild man of the woods. To the fleetness of the deer in traversing the forest, he unites the instinct of the hound in finding his way; and when you add to these mental gifts a certain wild eloquence, wholly unimprovable by cultivation, you have nearly summed up the intellectual qualifications of the American savage,—the genuine child of nature—the untamed—the untameable.

* * * * * *

The story of Adam Poe's desperate encounter with two Indians, as told in "Mc call's Indian Warfare of the West," is one of the most characteristic traditions of the Ohio.

It was about the close of the Revolution that a party of six or seven Wyandot Indians crossed over to the south side of the Ohio River, fifty miles below Pittsburg, and in their hostile excursions among the early settlers killed an old man, whom they found alone in one of the houses which they plundered. The news soon spread among the white people; seven or eight of whom seized their rifles, and pursued the murderers. Adam Poe, a stout, active and resolute man, and Andrew Poe, strong and active men, and much respected in the settlement. They followed up the chase all night, and in the morning found themselves, as they expected, upon the right track. The Indians could now be easily followed by their traces on the dew. The print of one very large foot was seen, and it was thus known that a famous Indian of uncommon size and strength must be of the party. The track led to the river. The whites followed it directly, Adam Poe excepted; who, fearing that they might be taken by surprise, broke off from the rest. His intention was to creep along the edge of the bank under cover of the trees and bushes, and to fall upon the savages so suddenly that he might get them between his own fire and that of his companions. At the point where he suspected they were, he saw the rafts which they were accustomed to push before them when they swam the river, and on which they placed their blankets, tomahawks, and guns. The Indians themselves he could not see, and was obliged to go partly down the bank to get a shot at them. As he descended with his rifle cocked, he discovered two—the celebrated large Indian and a smaller one, separated from the others, and holding their rifles also cocked in their hands. He took aim at the large one, but his rifle snapped, without giving the intended fire. The Indians turned instantly at the sound. Poe was too near them to retreat, and had not time to cock and take aim again. Suddenly he leaped down upon them, and caught the large Indian by the clothes, on his breast, and the small one by throwing an arm round his neck; they all fell together, but Poe was uppermost. While he was struggling to keep down the large Indian, the small one, at a word spoken by his fellow-savage, slipped his neck out of Poe's embrace, and ran to the raft for a tomahawk. The large Indian at the moment threw his arms about Poe's body, and held him fast, that the other might come up and kill him. Poe watched the approach and the descending arm of the small Indian so well, that at the instant of the intended stroke he raised his foot, and by a vigorous and skilful blow knocked the tomahawk from the assailant's hand. At this, the large Indian cried out with an exclamation of contempt for the small one. The latter, however, caught his tomahawk again and approached more cautiously, waving his arm up and down with mock blows, to deceive Poe as to the stroke which was intended to be real and fatal. Poe, however, was so vigilant and active that he averted the tomahawk from his head, and received it upon his wrist with a considerable wound, deep enough to cripple but not entirely to destroy the use of his hand. In this crisis of peril he made a violent effort, and broke loose from the large Indian. He snatched a rifle, and shot the small one as he ran up a third time with his lifted tomahawk. The large Indian was now on his feet, and grasping Poe by the shoulder and leg, hurled him in the air, heels over head upon the shore. Poe instantly rose, and a new and more desperate struggle ensued. The bank was slippery, and they fell into the water, when each strove to drown the other. Their efforts were long and doubtful, each alternately under and half-strangled; until Poe, fortunately, grasped with his unwounded hand the tuft of hair upon the scalp of the Indian, and forced his head into the water. This appeared to be decisive of his fate, for soon he manifested all the symptoms of a drowning man, bewildered in the moment of death. Poe relaxed his hold, and discovered too late the stratagem. The Indian was instantly upon his feet again, and engaged anew in the fierce contest for victory and life. They were naturally carried farther into the stream, and the current becoming stronger bore them beyond their depth. They were now compelled to loosen their hold upon each other, and to swim for mutual safety. Both sought the shore to serve a gun; but the Indian was the best swimmer, and gained it first. Poe then turned immediately back into the water to avoid a greater danger—meaning to dive, if possible, to escape the fire. Fortunately for him, the Indian caught up the rifle which had been discharged into the breast of the smaller savage. At this critical juncture, Poe's brother Adam drew presented himself. He had just left the party who had been in pursuit of the other Indians, and who had killed all but one of them at the expense of three of their own lives. He had heard that Adam was in great peril, and alone in a fight with two against him; for one of the whites had mistaken Adam in the water with his bloody hand for a wounded Indian, and fired a bullet into his shoulder. Adam now cried out to his brother to kill the big Indian on the shore; but Andrew's gun had been discharged, and was not again loaded. The contest was now between the savage and Andrew. Each laboured to load his rifle first. The Indian, after putting in his powder and horrying his motions to force down the ball, drew out his ramrod with such violence as to throw it some yards into the water. While he ran to pick it up, Andrew gained an advantage, as the Indian had still to ram his bullet home. But a hair would have turned the scale; for the savage was just raising his gun to his eye with unerring aim, when he received the fatal fire of the backwoodsman. Andrew then jumped into the river to assist his wounded brother to the shore; but Adam, thinking more of carrying the big Indian home, as a trophy; than of his own wounds, urged Andrew to go back and prevent the struggling savage from rolling himself into the current and escaping. Andrew, however, was too solicitous for the late of Adam to allow him to obey; and the high-souled Wyandot, jealous of his honour as a warrior, even in death, and knowing well the intention of his white conquerors, succeeded in retaining life and action long enough to reach the current, by which his dead body was swept down beyond the chance of pursuit.

The beautiful Silver Plate, presented to the late Commodore Decatur by his fellow citizens of Philadelphia and Baltimore, was advertised to be sold at auction in Washington last Saturday.

THE CAVALIERS OF VIRGINIA.

The Harpers have just published an historical romance under this title, from the pen of the author of "The Kentuckian in New York," which we have found unusually interesting. In the selection of his subject and in treating of its national character, the writer has displayed judgment and taste. The history of the "Ancient Dominion" during the ascendancy of the Protector and Charles the 2d, is in itself a fruitful theme of instruction, but when we find interwoven with the matter of fact detail of passing events, a vivid and graphic tale, from the pen of an able and accomplished American writer, our gratification is greatly enhanced. If the author of this work had more imitators—we speak in reference to the national character of his subject—we might soon be enabled to hurl back upon British pedants, in rebutting the silly taunt, "who reads an American book?" the just reply—*who does not!*

The characters of the "Cavaliers of Virginia" are mostly taken from among the few choice spirits whose notions of cavaliership and country followed them to their new home, in the western hemisphere, and the principal features of the work are deduced from the history of Virginia, under the immediate government of Sir William Berkeley, the royal governor.

The author has drawn an able sketch of the bitter hostility entertained against arbitrary sway, even at the early period of the tale, by the people of the colonies, and his descriptive powers would do no discredit to the best American writers. In his peculiar style of unfolding the grandeur and magnificence of American scenery, before the works of art had despoiled it of its romance, there is a freshness of thought that is powerfully absorbing. One or two extracts in point, we shall endeavour to furnish in our next.

The work may be obtained of Mr. H. Perkins, Chesnut street.

YANKEE HILL.

It has been so long since we have heard from our friend Hill, that we were beginning to fear that some accident had happened him in the South, where he has been located for some months. We are rejoiced to learn, however, by the annexed notice in the New Orleans Bulletin, of Jan. 31st, that he still flourishes:

Yankee Hill, the comedian, has returned to this city, after an uncommonly successful engagement in Natchez—where (we have been informed by a spectator) the enthusiasm of the people was so great, that he was attended to the wharves by hundreds of the inhabitants, warmly applauding and cheering him as he embarked. He will be again engaged, and will, most likely, be as successful as formerly.

There are many persons who are unwilling to believe that an American gentleman has many characteristic peculiarities. In the Germans, the Spanish, the French and the English, they observe peculiar traits, which identify the man with the nation, but their own distinguishing features they never notice. It is almost impossible to convince such persons that were they to travel they would be immediately recognised as Americans, however similar their general appearance would be to that of Englishmen. Americans, however, without doubt, have their peculiarities, and persons characterisrice as strongly marked as the citizens of any country. Such, at least, is the opinion of Willis, who in one of his late letters introduces the following episode:

I was sitting by my English companion on a sledge in front of the hotel, enjoying the sunshine, when the diligence drove up, and six or eight young men alighted. One of them, walking up and down the road to get the cramp of a confined seat out of his legs, addressed a remark to us in English. We had neither of us seen him before, but we exclaimed simultaneously, as he turned away, "That's an American." How did you know he was not an Englishman?" I asked. "Because," said my friend, "he spoke to us without an introduction and without a reason, as Englishmen are not in the habit of doing, and because he ended his sentence with 'sir,' as no Englishman does except he is talking to an inferior, or wishes to insult you." "And how did you know it?" asked he. "Partly by instinct," I answered, "but more because, though a traveller, he wears a new hat that cost ten dollars, and a new cloak that cost him fifty, (a peculiar American extravagance) because he made no inclination of his body, either in addressing or leaving us, though his intention was to be civil, and because he used fine dictionary words to express a common idea, which, by the way, too, betrays his southern breeding. And, if you want other evidence, he has just asked the gentleman near him to ask the conductor something about his breakfast, and an Englishman never condescends to—" "Hold!" said he, to come abroad without at least French enough to keep himself from starving."

It may appear ill natured to write down such criticisms on one's own countryman; but the national peculiarities by which we are distinguished from foreigners, seemed so well defined in this instance, that I thought it worth mentioning. We found afterwards that our conjecture was right. His name and country were on the brass plate of a portmanteau in most legible letters, and I recognized it directly as the address of an amiable and excellent man, of whom I had once or twice heard in Italy, though I had never before happened to meet him. Three of the faults oftenest charged upon our countrymen, are *over-fine clothes, over fine words,* and *over-fine* or *over-free manners!*

The News from France, to be found in another column, is of a much more pacific character than that we gave last week. It is probable that the French Chambers, after the burst of passion which President Jackson's Message elicited, will be disposed to listen to reason. The receipt of the report made in the Senate, and adopted by an unanimous vote, which is averse to a war, will no doubt materially contribute to restore equanimity of temper to the French. Perhaps ere this, the appropriation bill is already passed.

There is no probability, we think, under the present aspect of affairs in France, that Congress will adopt any hostiles measures against that country. The most that should be done, in any event, at present, is to pass a non-intercourse law, but even this step, we trust will not be necessary. By the next packet we hope to receive news that will at once put a stop to the present difficulties, and restore amity between the two nations.

Extract of a Letter to the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, dated

Murrell's Shop, Nelson Co. Va., Feb. 9, 1835.

Mr. Editor,—I send you an account of a very singular circumstance which occurred here a few days since, which, if you think worthy a place in your valuable paper, you are at liberty to publish. It will, no doubt, prove interesting to some of the friends of temperance:

A man who was addicted to habits of intemperance, went into a store in this county, to procure a jug of whiskey. The merchant filled his jug, and as there was no stopper to it, he requested the merchant to furnish him one. The merchant, unthinkingly, took up a paper which was lying convenient, rolled it into a proper form, and stopped the jug. (The paper was a Temperance Recorder.) The man proceeded homewards with his jug in hand when he moved he took the stopper out to take a drink of the whiskey. The appearance of the stopper arrested his attention; he unfolded it and laid it before the fire to dry. When it had dried sufficiently, he took it up and read the contents, which so powerfully convinced him of the evils resulting from the use of ardent spirits, that he set his jug aside, made no use of his contents at that time, and is resolved never to use the liquid poison as a drink again. Thus, through the influence of a jug stopper, has the individual become a temperate man, and the merchant lost one of his best customers.

COMMUNICATED.

THE ARTIST'S FUND SOCIETY.

A new society, under this title, was formed on the 14th inst. and a constitution was adopted, with the following preamble:

"Whereas, A number of artists of the city of Philadelphia, anxious to promote the cultivation of the arts and design, and the welfare and happiness of their professional brethren, by combining their talents and creating a fund for their mutual advancement and relief.

And whereas, In the State of Pennsylvania, there is no institution or fund to which an artist, however eminent, could, with propriety, apply for aid in the hour of sickness or adversity—or from which his widow or orphans, can either claim or expect relief.

"Therefore, To secure these objects, and other consistent and laudable purposes, the undersigned, citizens of the United States, agree to associate themselves under the following articles and conditions."

The following gentlemen were elected to their respective offices for one year.

President—John Neagle.
Vice President—Thomas Birch.
Secretary—Thomas B. Ashton.
Treasurer—David Edwin.
Council—Joshua Shaw, Benj. Otis, Thomas U. Walter, M. J. De France, Joseph B. Ord.

The National Debt.—The following table exhibits the amount of the National Debt on the 1st day of January for each year, from 1791 to 1835, inclusive:

Year.	Amount.	Year.	Amount.
Jan. 1, 1791,	$75,463,476 52	Jan. 1, 1814,	$81,487,846 24
" 1792,	77,227,924 66	" 1815,	99,833,660 15
" 1793,	80,352,634 04	" 1816,	127,334,933 74
" 1794,	78,427,404 77	" 1817,	123,491,965 16
" 1795,	80,747,587 39	" 1818,	103,466,633 83
" 1796,	83,762,172 07	" 1819,	95,529,648 28
" 1797,	82,064,479 33	" 1820,	91,015,566 15
" 1798,	79,228,529 12	" 1821,	89,987,427 66
" 1799,	78,408,669 77	" 1822,	93,546,052 35
" 1800,	82,976,294 35	" 1823,	90,875,877 28
" 1801,	83,038,050 78	" 1824,	90,269,777 77
" 1802,	80,712,632 25	" 1825,	81,054,059 99
" 1803,	77,054,686 76	" 1826,	73,987,357 20
" 1804,	86,427,120 88	" 1827,	77,054,686 76
" 1805,	82,312,150 50	" 1828,	67,475,043 87
" 1806,	75,723,270 66	" 1829,	58,421,413 67
" 1807,	69,218,398 64	" 1830,	48,565,406 50
" 1808,	65,196,317 97	" 1831,	39,123,191 68
" 1809,	57,022,269 89	" 1832,	24,322,235 18
" 1810,	53,173,217 52	" 1833,	7,001,698 83
" 1811,	48,005,587 76	" 1834,	4,760,082 08
" 1812,	45,209,737 90	" 1835,	nothing.
" 1813,	55,962,827 57		

Ralph B. Mattingly, of Kentucky, was killed on the 17th inst. at Lexington, by Alexander B. Grant, of Georgia. Mattingly had repeatedly insulted Grant, who at remonstrated as a young gentleman of mild disposition—and had been warned to forbear. On the above day, being in their room with another young man, Mattingly abused Grant and pulled his nose, when the latter shot and mortally wounded him.

Magnificent Light.—A person in London pursuing the principles of Professor Faraday, has constructed a machine, quite simple in form, which produces an instantaneous light, without the use of gas or acid.

Forts on the Delaware.—It will be observed on reference to the Congressional proceedings inserted elsewhere, that the Fortification Bill, contains an appropriation of $75,000 to be expended on Fort Mifflin, and one of $150,000 for Fort Delaware. This is as it should be.

Hurricane in Mississippi.—A hurricane passed over the town of Liberty, in Mississippi, on the night of the 4th ult. which prostrated almost every thing in its path, and destroyed several valuable lives. Mr. John Hall, and his daughter Elizabeth, were killed, and Mrs. Hall and a negro girl were dangerously injured. A negro woman had a leg broken. A large number of houses and out-buildings were overthrown and destroyed. Mr. Hall was a highly respectable gentleman and useful citizen. He leaves a large family to lament his untimely fate.

Melancholy Occurrence.—We learn from the Lexington Observer of the 10th inst. that a most melancholy occurrence took place at Frankfort in that State, on the Monday previous. Samuel G. Richardson, Esq. of Frankfort, was shot at with a pistol by John U. Waring, of Union county. Two balls penetrated the abdomen in such a manner as to render his recovery almost hopeless. Mr. Richardson was still alive when the car left Frankfort, but was thought to be rapidly sinking.

A Sunday Excursion.—On Sunday the 24th ult. 150 persons took a ride for pleasure on the new railroad from Lexington towards Frankfort, Ky. They went out safely six miles in 24 minutes. In returning, a accident occurred, by which one man was instantly killed. Two others had their limbs fractured, and many more were much injured. One negro boy had been killed, by the car running over him, on the same day, before this last accident.

The unprecedented cold weather of the past week has nearly suspended all business. It has produced a good deal of sickness, and several deaths.

The cold on Sunday was without doubt the intensest ever experienced in Georgia. As stated by our correspondent the thermometer at daybreak in this place stood at *two and a half degrees below zero!* In Milledgeville at sunrise it stood nine degrees below zero! In Augusta same time at two below. The weather has since considerably moderated.

The previous warm weather had called out many flowers, and set several of our neighbors to gardening—some of whom had cabbages, peas, &c. out of the ground.—Macon Telegraph, 18th inst.

The Rogue Caught—For some time past, cloaks, overcoats, &c. have been frequently taken from the United States Hotel and other public houses in this city, by some person hitherto unknown, though evidently by a very adroit thief. On Tuesday night, however, the chap was nabbed in the act of carrying away from the United States Hotel sundry valuable cloaks. He was arrested by a watchman, and taken to the Police; and yesterday morning examined, when sundry Pawn broker's certificates were found in his pocket, by means of which many of the missing articles have been found. The culprit was of course properly dealt with. He is the son of a respectable and wealthy citizen, on whose account we forbear giving his name.—*Com. Her.*

"The expenses, says an English paper, of only one of the candidates for the representation of the Tower Hamlets, amounted to 3,500*l.* The printing expenses alone amounted to 500*l.*" This fact is a sad commentary on the purity of elections. We dare not, however, sneer at England, until we exempt ourselves from the same censure The electioneering expenses of the recent contests in this city and New York are said to have been enormous. This cannot be too severely censured, as money is no bold an usurper that, where once allowed to enter, it will soon conquer every thing before it.

An accident of a serious nature, we regret to say occurred on Sunday night, on the Rail Road. We understand, from a respectable source, that the Horry, with a train of freight cars, with Cotton, on her way down, having met with an impediment from breaking of a joint which could not be replaced until morning, the Engineer, Mr. John McCandless, went to sleep in the rear car while on the main line of road. The Columbia with another train from above, at a late hour came down after her, and from there being no light on the train of the Horry, they were unable to distinguish her until the two trains came in collision, breaking four freight cars, and throwing the whole load on McCandless, who was killed by the weight falling upon him, and the Columbia considerably injured.—About 50 feet of the Road was also broken, which was repaired yesterday, and the cars will pass up and down to-day.

The accident occured solely from not having fires kindled at both ends of the train of the Horry agreeably to directions.—Charleston Mercury 17th Feb.

From the Philadelphia Gazette of last Saturday.

Washington's Birth Day.—To-morrow (Sunday) is the 103d anniversary of the birth-day of Washington. It will be celebrated on Monday, by a Military ball, and perhaps by festivities by some of our volunteer companies. The period, however, for very extensive demonstrations of rejoicing in this community on such an occasion, appears to have terminated with the great Procession which took place on the centennial celebration. The recurrence of the day nevertheless, for many years to come, cannot fail to call to the recollection of our citizens some of the occurrences of Washington's eventful and honorable life, or some of those little incidents which are calculated to shew the respect and affection which, whilst a resident in our city, were duly layed towards him by all classes of its inhabitants. Well do we remember the care we took, when a boy, that "General Washington" should not pass by, without receiving our best standing bow, and the delight we experienced in common with all the urchins of that day, at his polite touch of the hat in return for our juvenile salutations. The last time, we have a distinct recollection of seeing him, was after his Presidency, and whilst Commander in Chief of the army he was reviewing Macpherson's Blues in Market street. Of that admirably disciplined and well appointed corps, there remain amongst us, a few *quinquagenarians*, and still fewer *sexagenarians*, who well recollect that day, and even now we are just reminded by one of them that General Macpherson, in accordance with military usage, detailed a guard, of which he was one, to perform duty at Head Quarters, then established in the house in Eighth street, a short distance above Market, which has its gable end to the street, but that the Commander in Chief when he heard of it, signified to General Macpherson that he would dispense with the ceremony, and the guard was accordingly dismissed. To this same gentleman we are indebted for the following reminiscence.

At the period of Washington's Presidency, during which the government was located in Philadelphia, there was a watchmaker named Stiles, who occupied the house at the north west corner of Front & Chesnut streets, and kept one of the best regulators in the city. The President then resided on the south side of Market street a few doors below Sixth, which was then quite at the west end of the town. The General used every now and then to take a walk down Market to Front street and down Front street to Stiles' corner to set his watch. Our informant, who was then a boy, lived in the neighborhood of that corner, which was then as now, a stand for draymen, who were exceedingly noisy and turbulent. No sooner, however, did Washington approach, than every man of them rose up, took off his hat, and stood uncovered in perfect silence, whilst the watch was getting set, which having completed, the General invariably took off his hat, and made a respectful bow to the draymen, before proceeding on his walk, leaving them all, no doubt, uttering in their hearts "there's a real gentleman for you." It was his universal custom to return the salutation of every one who bowed to him, however humble his station, or, whether black or white, upon the principle that no one should be more polite than himself, and by a strict observance of that ample ceremony, he made a deep and lasting impression upon the people, without impairing in the slightest degree the claims to respect to which he was entitled from his station, and his exalted virtues. It has been our good fortune to have seen all the Presidents of the United States, but we can never think of Washington, without being satisfied, that "we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

"The house in which Washington resided, was between forty five and fifty feet front. Many years ago it was altered into two houses, the last tenants of which were an Italian fruiterer and a wholesale merchant, who occupied the lower floor as stores. It was pulled down in the year 1832, by its owner Mr. Nathaniel Burt, who built upon it three fine stores, which are now No.'s 24, 24 and 24½, respectively occupied as wholesale stores, by Messrs. Buehlers & Smith, H. & F. A. Huber, and George Peterson & Son. In Messrs. Peterson' store, is still to be seen the mahogany railing which was originally employed in the balusters of the stair case of the old mansion, and we learn that the front door and casement at this time decorate an arbour at McAran's public garden in Arch street, west of Broad street.

Ladies beware.—The practice which some illnatured persons say prevails among the ladies of wearing false hair, has given a commercial value to the graceful and flowing locks of the young and the fair. In the olden time the sable or auburn locks which flowed with rich and elegant luxuriance over the graceful neck of the blushing beauty, excited in the mind of the beholder, a thousand glowing thoughts of romance and beauty; but now he says to himself "What charming hair—I wonder where it was bought." So valuable has hair become in Paris that the papers allege (and who will presume to doubt the papers?) that it is customary for the adroit thieves of that moral city to steal the hair from the head of the passers by. This is certainly a strange performance. The following case which we extract from a Paris Journal, will explain the *modus operandi*: "A gentleman and his wife, accompanied by their daughter, a young girl of about nine years of age, with a splendid head of hair, elegantly divided into two plaits, which fell behind, were standing at a shop-window, looking at the prints in it, when the child cried out that some one had pulled her hair. Mad. P looked around, and discovered that one of the plaits had actually been cut off."

Foreign Intelligence.

Translated for the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

SITTING OF THE 15TH JANUARY.

The order of the day was the communication of the Government, announced yesterday in the Moniteur. Before the opening of the Session, fixed for 1 o'clock, Marshal Mortier, President of the Council, and M. Humann, were in the ministerial seat, and a number of Deputies were present. Mr. Dupin took the chair at 1 o'clock. After the reading of the process verbal, M. M. Simpetre, Nicod and Blanchard, recently elected Deputies, delivered the attestation of their powers and were admitted to their seats—at this time the attendance was exceedingly numerous.

The President gave the word to the Minister of Finance. A profound silence immediately ensued.

M. Humann.—Gentlemen—Faithful to the accomplishment of my duty, the Government was disposed to submit anew to your deliberations the measures necessary for the execution of the treaty of the 4th of July, 1831. It had powered until to defend them in the name of justice and in the name of the political and commercial interests of France, and it is hoped that you would participate in the conviction upon which they acted.

The Message of the President of the United States at the opening of the American Congress, has suspended the execution of this design. The Government had from that moment, to examine whether it still remained under the empire of the same duty—whether the dignity of France did not demand a different line of conduct—or, finally, whether there existed any means of placing the immutable laws of justice in accordance with the legitimate sentiment of the national honor.

The Government of the King, gentlemen, need not justify itself before you from the reproaches which the President of the United States has levelled upon it. Such a controversy would be alike without object, and without dignity. Nevertheless, in the debates which must ensue before you, all the necessary explanations will be given; and all the documents which will be required will be submitted to the Chamber.

General Jackson has been misinformed as to the extent of the powers which the Constitution of the State confers upon us. But if he is mistaken with regard to the laws of our country, WE WILL NOT FALL INTO A SIMILAR ERROR ON THE SUBJECT OF THE CONSTITUTION OF AMERICA.

The spirit and letter of that Constitution alike forbid us to view the document to which I have referred, in any other light than as the opinion of a single individual, so long as that opinion has not received the sanction of the two co-ordinate powers of the American Union. The message is an act of government as yet incomplete, and which cannot therefore hurry us to any of those determinations by which France usually replies to a menace, or an injury.

Gentlemen, we might wait until the resolutions of Congress should arrive to prescribe to us our conduct.

But a temporizing policy, would neither have the advantage of ensuring the security of our commercial relations, nor of eventually placing them under the protection of reprisals. By the adoption, likewise, of such a system, the two governments would be compelled to wait mutually, (upon the proceedings of each other) and from the great distance by which they are separated, the legislative sessions, both at Washington and Paris, would probably terminate—leaving this important question not only undecided, but irritated by fresh delays. In this state of things, the government has rejected a temporizing system.

The question of the national dignity has a right to its first solicitude. You are aware, gentlemen, how it has been provided for; yet, as the treaty of July has become neither less just, nor less public than before,—as the proceeding of the President of the United States has not availed to weaken the basis of equity and reason, on which the *transaction* rests,—the government has persevered in its determination to present the subject anew to your examination. This engagement has been made;—the honor of France demands that it should be fulfilled.

In this important deliberation, the Chamber, we doubt not, while watching vigilantly with us over the national dignity, will keep in mind all the sentiments of good will and friendship which for sixty years have united the French and the American nations. It will recall to mind those high considerations of commercial power, and of maritime force, which have ever caused our alliance with the United States to be regarded as one of the unalterable rules of our national policy.

In holding this language, we only wish to render homage to those truths which are of every time—to oppose them to temporary impressions—and, above all, to declare, that France imputes, neither to the people nor to the government of the United States, the sentiments and the propositions which their President has expressed. We only wish to see in his Message to Congress, the inconsiderate act (*l'acte peu reflechi*) of an isolated power, and the *unusual honor does not the less commend us to persist in the policy which has been always that of the King's government*—THE POLICY OF GOOD FAITH.

Gentlemen: You will scrupulously weigh the motives which solicit the adoption of the treaty. It will be required of you, above all other things, that, in examining this question, you will divest your minds, as we have done, of every consideration unconnected with the subject itself. In other words, unconnected with the right and justice of the claims, and with the compensation we should offer for the commercial advantages which the treaty guarantees to France.

Impressed with these considerations, gentlemen, the government make me its organ of again laying before you the project of the law which I shall now have the honor of reading to you.

It has been judged necessary to insert an eventual clause, of which, without doubt, you will acquiesce in the propriety. This clause forbids the payments to be made on the sum fixed by the treaty, until the *the intention of the American Government shall be made known. It is our right, and our duty, gentlemen, to render that government responsible for every act which may tend to wound the dignity and the interests of France.*

The following are the provisions of the project of the law:—

Art. 1. The Minister of the Finances is authorized to carry to the Budgets of each of the years 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, the sum requisite to pay off in six equal terms the capital of 25,000,000 francs which are due in execution of the Treaty signed on the 4th of July, 1831, between France and the United States, and the ratifications of which were exchanged at Washington, on the 2d of February 1832.

Art. 2. The sum of 1,500,000 francs, which the Government of the United States engaged to pay to France in six annual instalments in discharge of the claims of French citizens, shall be credited to a special article of the Budget as the recoveries are made. Credits to a similar amount shall be opened to

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Dodge, Secretary of the Board of Brokers, Lancaster Director, and Wm. Gowen, Jr.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 27, 1835.

ASHES		New Orleans,	95 — 20
Pots,	3 87 1/2	Susquehanna,	47 — 50
Pearls,	4 00	N. York,	47 — 50
BUTTER,	— 11	Ky. Pulled	47 — 50
Tenn. No. 1	11 — 12	Va. Pulled	47 — 50
No. 2	10 — 11	Va. Pinto.	40 — 45
No. 3	9 — 10	Tennessee	37 — 40
CANDLES,		Lower Peru.	37 — 40
Mould,	12 — 13	English French Ist.	25 — 27
Dipt,	11 — 12	Bay & Mexicans,	23 — 24
COFFEE,		MACKEREL,	
Rio,	— —	No. 1, new	bbl. 8 25 — 8 50
COTTON,		No. 2,	6 00 —
Louisiana,	12 — 13	No. 3,	4 50 — 4 62 1/2
Alabama,	11 — 12	OIL,	
Upland,	10 — 11	Linseed, Am. made,	
FEATHERS,		com.	92 — 93
Live Geese,	37 — 40	do. Dutch,	90 — 95
Live Duck,	30 — 35	Whale,	gal. 35 — 38
FLAXSEED,	1 75 — 1 80	Sperm, winter,	1 00 — 1 05
FLOUR,		do. summer,	90 — 92
Penn. Dust, 3 cts per bbl.		PLASTER PARIS,	
Penn.	5 12 — 5 25	Ground,	3 00 — 3 25
Ohio,	5 12 — 5 25	PROVISIONS,	
Brandywine,	5 12 — 5 25	Beef, country,	10 — 12
Alexandria,	5 12 — 5 25	do. from wagons	12 —
Fredericksburg,	5 12 — 5 25	WOOL,	
Petersburg,	5 12 — 5 25	Prime, Saxony fleece,	
Richmond,	5 12 — 5 25	do.	
Georgetown,	5 12 — 5 25	Am. wash, fulld'd,	50 — 55
Baltimore,	5 12 — 5 25	do. 1 blood,	45 — 50
Susquehanna,	5 12 — 5 25	do. 1 blood,	45 — 50
Brandywine,	5 12 — 5 25	do. and com.	35 — 40
Fine, Pennsyl.	4 75 — 5 00	Am. unwash. full bl'd	30 — 35
do. Susq. York,	4 75 — 5 00	do. 1 blood,	25 — 30
do. Ohio,	4 75 — 5 00	do. 1 blood,	25 — 30
do. Alexandria,	4 75 — 5 00	Super, pulled lambs,	40 — 45
do. Baltimore,	4 75 — 5 00	No. 1 do.	35 — 38
do. Brandywine,	4 75 — 5 00	No. 2 do.	30 — 32
do. Pennsyl.	4 75 — 5 00	No. 3 do.	— —
Extra, Susq.	4 75 — 5 00	Saxony, fleece,	— —
do. Ohio,	4 75 — 5 00	Pulled, do. B. A. A.	— —
do. Alexandria,	4 75 — 5 00	do. lambs,	70 — 90
do. Baltimore,	4 75 — 5 00		
do. Brandywine,	4 75 — 5 00		
GRAIN,			
Wheat, red,	1 10 — 1 12		
do. white,	1 15 — 1 20		
Rye,	70 — 72		
Corn, yellow,	60 — 62		
do. white,	58 — 60		
Oats,	35 — 37		
GRASS SEED,			
Clover,	5 00 — 5 25		
Timothy,	2 50 — 2 75		
Flaxseed,	1 75 — 1 80		
HAY,	90 — 95		
HEMP,			
American,	180 — 200		
Russia,	220 — 230		
LEAD,			
Pig,	5 — 5 1/2		
Bar,	6 — 6 1/2		
Sheet,	6 1/2 — 7		
White, dry,	6 — 6 1/2		
White, ground in oil,	6 — 6 1/2		
Red, dry,	6 — 6 1/2		
Red, ground in oil,	6 — 6 1/2		
LIME,	75 — 80		
LUMBER,			
Pine,			
Hemlock,			
Spruce,			
Cedar,			
Shingles,			
Lath,			
Pickets,			
Boards,			
MOLASSES,			
Cuba,	30 — 32		
NAILS,			
Cut,	5 — 5 1/2		
Wrought,	10 — 12		
PORK,			
Mess,	16 00 —		
Prime,	13 —		
Cargo,	— —		
RICE,	3 — 3 1/2		
SALT,			
Liverpool,	1 00 — 1 04		
Turk's Isl'd,	1 00 —		
Fine,	1 00 —		
do. G. C. white,	55 — 58		
do. G. C. round,	50 — 52		
do. Pennsyl.	— —		
do. Ground,	— —		
do. Liverpool,	— —		
SEEDS,			
Flaxseed,	1 75 — 1 80		
SPIRITS,			
Brandy,			
Gin,			
Whiskey,			
SUGAR,			
Loaf,	13 — 14		
Lump,	11 — 12		
Havana,	9 — 10		
TALLOW,	9 — 9 1/2		
TOBACCO,			
Kentucky,	6 — 8		
Virginia,	5 — 6		
Seconds,	4 — 5		
Cuba,	12 — 14		
WHISKEY,	30 — 31		

JOHNSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, Feb. 28, 1835.

☞ The Carriers of the paper are not authorized to sell any copies. They may be obtained at the publication office in Carroll's Alley.

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page.—There has been no change in them for many years past.

☞ Our subscribers are cautioned against making any payments, on account of this paper or the Casket, to William Daugherty, as that person is no longer in our employ.

☞ The publisher gratefully acknowledges the receipt of $5, from Mr. William Cooper, Woodruff's P. O. S. C., in reply to an announcement of his duties, made in this paper some months since.

We understand that Messrs. Evans & Caldwell have four new Omnibuses now being built at Troy, N. Y., which are intended for the Chesnut street line, and will be placed on the route on or about the 9th of April next. For splendour and elegance of workmanship, they are not to be surpassed by any thing of the kind in the United States; and from the well known merits of the proprietors, we trust they will receive the support of a generous public.

During the sleety days of last week, when our pavements were covered with ice, a number of accidents occurred of a very serious character. We have heard of one young lady, who was so much injured by a heavy fall, that she died soon after, and before she could be conveyed to her residence. Many other accidents, not so melancholy in their results, have been mentioned to us.

A son of Thomas Wood, of Coopersville, Pa. on his way to Wilmington, slipped in consequence of the ice, and fell under the wheels of a wagon, with which he was travelling. He died in about an hour after.

We have heard a rumour, that a few days previous to the commencement of the present session of Congress, an interview took place between President Jackson, and M. Serurier, Minister from France, in the course of which the President got excited, and flatly contradicted the French Minister. It is said that M. Serurier, immediately wrote to France, desiring to be recalled, and many believe this circumstance has raised the present difficulty between the two nations. Time may develope the truth of this supposition.

The conduct of the Government of France towards America has not been, in all respects, as dignified and courteous as it might have been. Our present claims against that country for the destruction of American property, are of long standing, and originated before the last war with Great Britain. Until very recently these claims have been treated with contempt, and now, when a more liberal and just policy has been compelled to acknowledge our right, the stipulated amount is withheld.

A friend of ours, late a member of Congress, some years since travelled in a steam boat in company with a member of the French Government. The conversation turned on the facts here noticed, and our friend asked the French Minister the cause of this bad treatment. "Tell me, candidly," said he, "in what rank of nations the French Government places the United States—in the first, second, third, fourth or fifth?"

"Perhaps," replied the Frenchman, "in the fifth or sixth grade."

This is literally true, and it furnishes a practical illustration of the course of France towards America. While the French have been prompt in making concessions—called for by their own misdeeds—to other nations, they have uniformly treated us with neglect and contumely.

WIVES WANTED.

We have more than once referred to the fact that in some of the Western States, particularly Illinois and Missouri, there is a scarcity of females, occasioned by the steady and continued influx of males from the northern and eastern sections of our country. These hardy adventurers leave our populous cities in the east, and take up rich lands in the west, where, by industry and attention, they soon acquire a competence.

When a man has enough and to spare he naturally begins to think of a wife, but to obtain a wife in the west is a matter of much difficulty. Females are few in number, and these are courted and married as soon as they arrive at the proper age, so that none remain on hand. This scarcity of ladies constitutes a general subject of complaint among the bachelors of the west, who make earnest appeals to the females of the east to emigrate and live among them.—A letter from a gentleman in St. Louis, to his mother in Boston, which we find in the American Traveller, says:—

"Among the methods of passing the evenings here, is the yankee fashion of parties composed of both sexes. They have been quite brisk during the long evenings; and were it not for the fact that there are two beaux to a belle, we should enjoy them much better. You know mother, it is not so in Massachusetts. All the ladies here are in great demand and get married early in life; I am told that an old maid is a rare commodity in this market. I am firmly of opinion, that should the young ladies among you get up an emigration fever, and come out here, (to this land flowing with milk and honey,) they would be sure not to wither and pine away, as I think many must who calculate on spending the remnant of their days among the rocks and the stone fields of New England. Depend upon it, every old maid, who has some out, (and the number is not few,) has found a husband."

The editor of the Tennessee Recorder, in giving the state of the market in the town of Randolph, adds the following to his list of articles.

Bachelors.—Plenty and dull; no present prospects of a change. *Bargains* might be effected at fair prices, as holders are anxious to sell off at cost. A small sale only effected the present week.

Matrimony.—The depression in this article for the past six months, we are glad to see is about to be succeeded by a happy change. Purchasers are anxious to effect *bargains*, and *holders*, (with few exceptions, and those of inferior articles,) value their stock highly. A bargain has been closed since our last, a superior article, for home consumption. Private *offers* have also been made, of which, when sales are effected, we will take notice. *Refusals* also have occurred. We anticipate brisk times in this article during the coming cold winter, which we hope may warm the cold aching ings of his wonderful presence, Mons. Frost. Quotation nominal.

Young Ladies.—Scarce and in demand. A fair article would find fair purchasers at a fair price. A sweet and smiling disposition, is an indispensable requisite for this market.

ARMY AND NAVY OF THE U. STATES.

The standing or regular army of the United States, is extremely small—for having no formidable enemy in our immediate vicinity, there is but little occasion for drilled troops. In 1815, the strength of the army was fixed by act of Congress, at 9980 men. In 1821, the number was reduced to 6442, and in January 1832, a still further reduction took place, and the number was fixed at 6158, viz:

1 Major General, 2 Brigadier Generals, 1 Adjutant General, 2 Inspector Generals, 1 Quarter Master General, 4 Quarter Masters, 1 Commissary General of Subsistence, 2 Commissaries, 1 Surgeon General, 8 Surgeons, 15 Assistant Surgeons, 1 Paymaster General, 14 Paymasters, 1 Commissary General of Purchases, 1 Assistant Engineer, 2 Military Storekeepers, 12 Colonels, 12 Lieutenant Colonels, 19 Majors, 120 Captains, 148 First Lieutenants, 148 Second Lieutenants, 11 Sergeant Majors, 11 Quartermaster Sergeants, 254 Sergeants, 424 Corporals, 14 Principal Musicians, 214 Musicians, 108 Artificers, 56 Ordnance men, 4,452 Privates. Aggregate, 6,188.

The militia constitutes the principal military force of the country, as it comprises all the males between the ages of 18 and 45. When the militia are called into the field for actual service, they have the same pay and allowances as the regular army, but are only bound to serve for six months. The number of militia in the several states and territories, is as follows:

Maine,	41,136	Kentucky,	63,602
New Hampshire,	29,372	Tennessee,	60,887
Massachusetts,	49,500	Ohio,	125,159
Connecticut,	24,893	Louisiana,	14,806
Rhode Island,	9,600	Indiana,	40,000
Vermont	27,652	Mississippi,	13,724
New York,	188,615	Illinois,	8,521
New Jersey,	39,171	Alabama,	30,000
Pennsylvania,	377,743	Missouri,	7,838
Delaware,	7,451	Michigan,	1,503
Maryland,	46,113	Arkansas,	2,028
Virginia,	101,054	Dis. of Columbia,	1,756
North Carolina,	61,785	Florida, (no return)	
South Carolina,	49,512		
Georgia,	39,056	Total,	1,262,315

The Navy of the United States is at present small in point of numbers, but its efficiency was fully established during the last war with Great Britain. The model of the American ships of war, is extremely neat and symmetrical. From 1816 to 1821, one million of dollars was expended annually in building ships of war. Since 1821, the sums thus appropriated have been reduced one half. The strength of the American Navy was, in 1832, as follows:

7 ships of the line, 7 frigates of the first rate, 3 of the second rate, 15 sloops of war, 8 schooners. The oldest vessels are the United States, the Constitution, and the Constellation, all built in the year 1797. Now building in the United States, 5 ships of the line, and 7 frigates. Of the rank of lieutenants and upwards, there are 325, surgeons and assistant surgeons 97, pursers 41, chaplains 9, midshipmen 445, sailing masters 30, boatswains 17, gunners 19, carpenters 12, sail-makers 14. In the marine corps there are 1 colonel, 9 captains, and 39 lieutenants.

SHIPS OF THE LINE, EACH 74 GUNS.

Independence,	built at	Boston.
Washington,	do.	Portsmouth, N. H.
Franklin,	do.	Philadelphia.
Columbus,	do.	Washington.
Ohio,	do.	New York.
North Carolina,	do.	Philadelphia.
Delaware,	do.	Gosport, Va.

FIRST CLASS FRIGATES, EACH 44 GUNS.

United States,	built at	Philadelphia.
Constitution,	do.	Boston.
Guerriere,	do.	Philadelphia.
Java,	do.	Baltimore.
Potomac,	do.	Washington.
Brandywine,	do.	do.
Hudson,	(purchased)	New York.

SECOND CLASS FRIGATES, EACH 36 GUNS.

Congress,	built at	Portsmouth, N. H.
Constellation,	do.	Baltimore.
Macedonian,	(captured.)	

SLOOPS OF WAR, GENERALLY 18 GUNS EACH.

Cyane,*	(captured.)	
John Adams,*	built at	Charleston, S. C.
Erie,	do.	Baltimore.
Ontario,	do.	do.
Peacock,	do.	New York.
Boston,	do.	Boston.
Lexington,	do.	New York.
Vincennes,	do.	do.
Warren,	do.	Boston.
Natchez,	do.	Norfolk.
Falmouth,	do.	Boston.
Fairfield,	do.	New York.
Vandalia,	do.	Philadelphia.
St. Louis,	do.	Washington.
Concord,	do.	Portsmouth.

* Each 24 guns.

SCHOONERS OF WAR, EACH 12 GUNS.

Dolphin,	built at	Philadelphia.
Grampus,	do.	Washington.
Porpoise,	do.	Portsmouth.
Shark,	do.	Washington.
Enterprize,	do.	New York.
Boxer,	do.	Boston.
Four, 3 guns,	(purchased.)	
Sea Gull, (gallies)	do.	

SHIPS OF THE LINE NOW ON THE STOCKS.

Alabama,	at	Portsmouth, N. H.
Vermont,	do.	Boston.
Virginia,	do.	do.
Pennsylvania,	do.	Philadelphia.
New York,	do.	Norfolk.

FIRST CLASS FRIGATES ON THE STOCKS.

Santee,	at	Portsmouth, N. H.
Cumberland,	do.	Boston.
Sabine,	do.	New York.
Savannah,	do.	do.
Raritan,	do.	Philadelphia.
Columbia,	do.	Washington.
St. Lawrence,	do.	Norfolk.

NAVY YARDS.

There are seven navy yards belonging to and occupied for the use of the United States, viz:

No. 1. The navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H. is situated on an island, on the east side of Piscataqua river, within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, contains fifty-eight acres, and cost $5,500.

No. 2. The navy yard at Charlestown, Mass. is situated on the north side of Charles river, on a point of land east of the town of Charlestown, contains thirty-four acres, exclusive of extensive flats, and cost $32,214, including commissions and charges.

No. 3 The navy yard at New York, is situated on Long Island, opposite to the city of New York on the Wallabout Bay, contains forty acres, including the mill-pond, and cost $10,000.

No. 4. The navy yard at Philadelphia is situated on the west side of the river Delaware, within the District of Southwark, adjoining the city of Philadelphia, in the state of Pennsylvania, contains eleven acres to low-water mark, and cost $7,000.

No. 5. The navy yard at Washington, in the district of Columbia, is situated on the eastern branch of the river Potomac, containing thirty-seven acres, and cost $4,000.

No. 6. The navy yard at Gosport is situated on the south branch of Elizabeth river, adjoining the town of Portsmouth, in the state of Virginia, contains sixteen acres, and cost $12,000.

No. 7. Pensacola, Florida.

Mr. Knowles and Miss Riddle are performing at the Arch street Theatre, which opened for a short season on Monday night last. Miss Virginia Monier, a young American actress, whose talents are highly spoken of, is performing at the Walnut street House. Mrs. Marder, late Clara Fisher, and Mr. A. Addams, are engaged at the same establishment.

PAUPERS.

From a statement made by the managers of the Philadelphia Alms-house, it appears that during the year 1834, there were admitted into that institution:

American paupers,	males,	983	
do	do females	693	
	Total		1676
Foreign paupers,	males,	1354	
do	do females,	541	
	Total		1895
	Grand total		3571

Shewing that the number of foreign paupers, or paupers born out of the United States, exceeds that of native paupers 219. Of the entire population of the Alms-house about 6 per cent are children, and of the residue 75 per cent have been reduced to pauperism by intemperance.

VENTRILOQUISM.

The managers of the Philadelphia Museum, have engaged Mr. Harrington, the celebrated Ventriloquist from Boston, to give exhibitions of his peculiar faculty, in the Museum, for a few successive nights. Mr. H. is one of the best Ventriloquists in the country, and his exhibitions are in the highest degree interesting. He is a native of Boston, and brings with him strong testimony in relation to talent and skill, from the audiences whom he so frequently entertained in that city and also in New York. Mr. H. performs in addition to his display of Ventriloquism, a variety of tricks of legerdemain, without contederacy.

The price of admission to the Museum, which is, at all times a place of profit to the engaging and observing mind, has not been increased in consequence of Mr. Harrington's engagement.

The benefit of Mr. Dinmore, the very polite and gentlemanly treasurer of the Arch Street Theatre, will take place at that house, on Thursday evening next, Miss Fanny Jarman and Mr. Ternan have politely volunteered their aid, and will appear in the play of Jane Shore, and the farce of Perfection. These attractions alone should attract a crowded house, but when the merits of the *benefitsure* are considered in connection therewith, we cannot doubt but that the benefit will prove a *bumper*.

Correspondence of the Saturday Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 26, 1835.

DEAR SIR—The bill relating to offences committed on the high seas, to which I referred in a previous letter, was called up in the Senate, on Thursday of last week, on motion of Mr. Clayton, and passed to a third reading. The object of this bill is to mitigate the present severe punishment for revolt, and the first section provides that in future the penalty for revolt shall be imprisonment and hard labour for a term not exceeding ten years. The second section provides that for endeavouring to excite revolt, the penalty shall be imprisonment not exceeding five years. The third section provides for the punishment of masters and captains who may be convicted of excessive and cruel treatment towards seamen. At present such cases are treated as common cases of assault and battery, but the bill proposes a penalty of imprisonment not exceeding five years. The adoption of this bill will be one step further towards the abolition of capital punishment, which now disgraces our statute books. The debate on Mr. Calhoun's bill restricting the executive patronage, was continued by Mr. Grundy and Mr. Clayton. Judge White made a powerful speech on the day previous, and Mr. Poindexter gave notice on Tuesday, that he would address the Senate on the same subject the next day. The bill will no doubt pass the Senate, but it will be a difficult matter to push it through the House. Its provisions are entirely democratic in their character, as it merely provides for taking away some of the President's immense power, and placing it in the hands of the people.

In the House of Representatives the committee of one from each State, appointed to report on the condition of the West Point Academy, made a detailed communication, recommending a new organization of that institution, so that *all* the junior officers of the army may be educated, and the expense of the academy re duced at the same time. The bill requires that all persons who enter the army shall spend one year in every three at the academy, until they have acquired a full knowledge of the profession, and dismisses all the cadets now at West Point. A superintendant is to be appointed at a salary of $2,500, and the pay of instructors of the first grade will be $1,200, second grade $1,000. The bill was laid on the table, and that regulating the deposits in the state banks, was immediately after taken up and discussed. The subject under consideration was the re-*consideration* of the following amendment, proposed by Mr. Binney, and adopted by the House, a day or two previous.

Strike from the fourth section of the bill, as reported from the committee of Ways and Means, the following clause.

"SECONDLY.—To keep in its vaults, or the vaults of other banks, an amount of specie equal to one-fourth the amount of its notes, and bills in circulation, and the balance of its accounts with other banks payable on demand."

And insert in lieu thereof the following:

"To keep in its vaults an amount of specie, which together with the balances of all its accounts with specie-paying banks, shall be equal to one-fifth of the amount of its notes and bills in circulation, and its public and private deposites."

Mr. Polk spoke in favour of reconsideration, and Mr. Binney against it, with his usual zeal and ability. In the course of Polk's remarks it was said that the United States Bank had greatly extended her accommodations immediately after the adjournment of the last session of Congress, but Mr. Binney in reply, proved that these extensions were granted at the earnest solicitations of the merchants and brokers of New York, to save them from impending ruin. The previous question was called by Mr. Hubbard, and sustained by the House, when the motion to reconsider prevailed by a vote of 119 to 109. Before any decision was had on the amendment again brought up, the House adjourned.

No business of any importance was transacted in either house on Friday. The House of Representatives was engaged in the discussion of a bill relating to the establishment of the Western Territory, and for the security and protection of the emigrant and other Indian tribes therein, when the express from New York, bringing important news from France reached the city. It soon became known to the members, and the confusion that ensued is indescribable. The members collected together in groups, conversing loudly of the aspect of affairs, so that it was utterly impossible for Mr. Vinton, who occupied the floor, to proceed with his argument. The chair called to order several times, but without success, and the House soon after adjourned. The excitement which prevailed during Friday evening and Saturday, was unparalleled in this city, and perhaps no individual was more affected by it, than the President. His natural irritability is well known, and this, of course, must have been much heightened by the unfair and dishonorable course pursued by the French Government.

In the Senate on Saturday, Mr. Silsbee presented memorials from many citizens of Massachusetts, on the subject of our relations with France, and suggesting, as the most effectual measure to be adopted, a non-intercourse law. On a motion to print the memorial, a debate of some interest ensued, in which Mr. Calhoun, Mr. King, of Alabama, Mr. Poindexter, Mr. Webster, Mr. Benton, Mr. Brown, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Leigh, took part. Mr. Calhoun deemed a war with France in our present condition, the greatest of evils which could befall the country, while Mr. King, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Buchanan, expressed the opinion, that the loss of national honor was an evil of greater magnitude, and that we ought to be ready to defend that, at all hazards. Mr. Poindexter attributed the position in which our affairs now stood with France to the measure of the President, and denied that there was no risk threatening our national honor until that message provoked it.

Mr. Benton answered, that the fact showed, that, although the Chambers had been sitting forty-five days before the arrival of the message of the President, the King had not sent in the appropriation bill; but, as the message was received, the bill was instantly transmitted to the Chambers, which he considered as proof that the message would lead to the adjustment of the matter. Mr. Leigh expressed regret that the letter of Mr. Livingston, on the subject of the tone of the message, had ever been published, and said that he had fears for the result. The ground taken by Mr. Webster, in two or three sentences, was that the affair had ceased to become a mere question of debt, and that he viewed the crisis as a serious one, but deprecated any discussion at this time.

The memorials were then ordered to be printed. The following letter, addressed to Mr. Van Buren, was then read to the Senate.

Washington City, Feb. 21st, 1835.

SIR: I address you, as the presiding officer of the Senate, on a subject involving a criminal charge, highly injurious to my moral character, and which, if true, ought to cause my expulsion from the august body of which I am a member. An article in the form of a letter, from a person in this city to his correspondent in New York, has found its way into the public prints, and has already been widely circulated through the country, alleging "that the Administration was possessed of depositions, taken from three individuals, who swear that Richard Lawrence, the assassin, was seen by them in the private room of the Hon. George Poindexter, the two days immediately anterior to his attempting the life of Gen. Jackson."

No one, I presume, sir, can mistake the purpose for which these depositions have been procured.—The evident design is to fix on me the most infamous of all crimes, that of having been an accessary before the fact to an attempt to take the life of the Chief Magistrate, by the hand of an assassin! A charge so monstrous, and so repugnant to the tenor of my past life, resting simply on the authority of an anonymous letter, in the columns of a newspaper, might well be placed to the general account of the calumnies of the day, which have of late been so freely cast on me, and as such, would scarcely merit contradiction from me. But the investigation which I have thus far given to the conspiracy against my character, has enabled me to trace the authority on which the statement in the letter referred to was founded, to a member of the House of Representatives from Rhode Island, and the depositions therein spoken of have been taken at the instance of the President himself.

Having ascertained these facts, I deem it to be a duty which I owe to myself, to my constituents, to society at large, and to the Senate, to ask the appointment of a special committee, clothed with powers to send for persons and papers, and to inquire into the truth or falsehood of the charges imputed to me, having relation the Chief Executive Magistrate of the nation, that, if found guilty, I may no longer disgrace the seat which I occupy in this body.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

G. POINDEXTER.

(Enclosed in the foregoing.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21, 1835.

Hon. George Poindexter:—In reply to your note which I received this morning, I am at liberty to state, in answer to the interrogatory which you have propounded:—"In what hands did you see the affidavits of which you speak," that the affidavits were by me read at the house of the President of the United States; they were handed to me in his presence by a friend of his, by me returned to the President, and were put into his hands by the attendants themselves, as I have been informed by him; and I am further authorised to say, that other testimony of the kind is expected.

Your most obedient servant,

DUTEE J. PEARCE.

After the reading of the documents Mr. Clay rose, and after some remarks in which he expressed his regret that any charge so base and preposterous should for a moment be entertained against Gov. Poindexter, moved for the appointment of a special committee, to investigate the object. The motion was unanimously agreed to, and the following gentlemen were chosen by ballot, as the members of the committee, viz. Messrs. Smith, Mangum, King, of Ga. Wright and Tyler.

In the House the bill to establish the Western Territory was again under discussion.

In the Senate on Monday, Mr. Benton, from the Committe on Military Affairs, reported in favor of an additional appropriation for Fort Mifflin, in the river Delaware. A number of private bills were reported. The bill supplementary to an act to amend the acts relating to the Judicial system of the United States was further considered. Mr. Buchanan moved to recommit the bill to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions to amend the bill so as to create two new circuits, the one to consist of the States of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi; and the other of the States of Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. Mr. Frelinghuysen moved to amend the instructions to the committee by adding "and so to arrange the Third and Fourth Circuits as to form on the whole eight Circuits which was agreed to.

The bill making appropriations for fortifications was then considered. The bill was further amended by inserting an appropriation of 75,000 dollars for Fort Mifflin, and an increase of the appropriation for Fort Delaware from 75,000 to 150,000 dollars. The amendment moved by Mr. Benton, that 100,000 dollars, to the general account of the calamities of the day, which have of late been so freely cast on me, and as such, would scarcely merit contradiction from me. But the investigation which I have thus far given to the conspiracy against my character, has enabled me to trace the authority on which the statement in the letter referred to was founded, to a member of the House of Representatives from Rhode Island, and the depositions therein spoken of have been taken at the instance of the President himself.

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The House went into Committee of the whole, and took up a bill making additional appropriations for the Delaware Breakwater, for certain harbors, & removing obstructions in and at the mouths of certain rivers, for the year 1835. Mr. Hubbard moved an amendment, recommended by the Department of War, appropriating $30,000 for the improvement of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers. Mr Vinton moved to amend this amendment by adding $30,000 for the improvement of the navigation of the Ohio River, between Pittsburg and the Falls; on which a debate, long and animated, took place.—Agreed to, 78 to 51. Mr. Wise then moved to amend the bill by appropriating $7,000 for improving the mouth of the Schuylkill river. A little sparring took place between him and Mr. Sutherland on the explanations which accompanied this amendment. The appropriation was not agreed to.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the bill to establish branches of the Mint was taken up and debated during the whole of the session. In the House the only item of business of any importance, was the adoption of a resolution offered by Mr. R. M. Johnson, that the exercise of discipline and tactics prepared by Major General Scott, under the direction of the War Department, and in conformity with a resolution of the House of Representatives of April 8, 1834, shall be established for the government of the army of the United States of the militia.

The ridiculous charge got up to injure Mr. Poindexter is scouted by the reasonable and reflecting of all parties. It is too absurd to be credited for a moment. It is now stated that one of the persons who deposed that he saw Lawrence enter the house of Mr. Poindexter, has confessed that he was mistaken, and that it was the House of a Mr. Frost, near that of Mr. Poindexter, that he saw the insane painter visit. Lawrence, it appears, was engaged in that house as a painter. So falls to the ground the base allegation against the character of Gov. Poindexter.

The navigation of the Delaware is again open, and ships are arriving and departing daily. The steamboat line to Baltimore has resumed its trips. Business is brisk in Market street, a large number of western merchants being now in the city. We anticipate a prosperous season.

POSTSCRIPT.

Still Later from France.

By the ship Independence from Liverpool at New York, London dates of the 26th ult. and Paris dates of the 26th, have been received. The news from France is not so favourable for a speedy adjustment of the American claims, as was anticipated. Russia, it appears, has taken advantage of the present peculiar situation of affairs, and urged upon France, claims of her own. This has given rise to conjectures that the Chambers will reject our demands, for fear of being compelled to meet those of their Russian neighbours. If so, a non intercourse law, or an act of reprisals, will assuredly be adopted by Congress.

The elections in England continue favourable to the liberal party.

Private Correspondence.

PARIS, JAN. 24.—The claim advanced by the Emperor of Russia, as king of Poland, in the name of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, against the present government of France, in virtue of a convention for the repayment of advances of claims and counter-claims between the two countries, concluded on the 27th of September, 1816, is likely to become a stumbling block in the way of the settlement of the American question, from the fear that is entertained lest the recognition of the one debt should be regarded as a precedent for the acknowledgement of the other.

M. Dupin, the president of the Chamber of Deputies, has been heard within these few days to express himself very strongly against the ratification of the Washington treaty in the Chamber; and the idea seems to gain ground among the members generally that a second refusal may be hazarded without any serious risk of rupture with the government of the United States. However erroneous this view of the matter may be, after the attitude assumed by the American President in his late message of Congress, the fact of its being so generally entertained may possibly lead to very inconvenient results.

On a question of this nature the opposition is likely to gain, as formerly, a considerable accession of votes from among the habitual adherents of Ministers. In the mean time the Carlists and the Republicans are equally zealous in their endeavours to embroil the affair still further by the suggestion of claims from other quarters, to an indefinite and extravagant amount, which the sanction of the American treaty would call into being. Of all the opposition journals the *National* declares itself most strenuously against the proposed recognition, and as usual, its arguments are conducted in such a manner as to give expression to the bitterness of its private rancor against the person of the king.

The day before yesterday it was stopped at the Post office, and the remainder of the edition seized at the printing office, in consequence of an article on the subject in which it insinuated, in a manner sufficiently intelligible, that the King himself had become the purchaser to a large amount of the original claims which the [illegible] and in the number of this morning a threat is held out, that if the article in question should be made the subject of prosecution, such disclosures will be made with regard to the present holders of the claims as will be anything but agreeable.

With this view it is announced that application has already been made to persons in the United States well informed on the subject, and that the means of subscribing against the loan may be expected to arrive against the day of trial. The announcement seems to prove that there was no substantial ground, or at least nothing like evidence, for the original imputation. It was expected to obtain credit from His Majesty's known character for prudence in the management of his pecuniary resources; but after all it may fairly be doubted whether it is equally well to make an offence of this nature the subject of a state prosecution. Z.

LONDON, Jan. 26.—The Paris papers of Saturday, which we have received by express, contains little else but disquisitions respecting the demands made by America and Russia for Indemnity. With respect to the American claims the Constitutional asserts that, though the Ministers will leave no means untried to carry the bill for the payment of the 25,000,000 fr.; they do not intend to make its adoption a Cabinet question, and that, should the Chamber of Deputies resolve to reject that measure, they will still remain their places. The same journal intimates that the supporters of Ministers need not be deterred from voting against the bill by the fear of endangering the existence of the present Administration.

War between France and the United States.—On the policy of such an occurrence the Journal des Debats, a ministerial paper, thus expresses itself:—"We do not hesitate to say that of all the wars practicable or possible for France the most foolish, the most grotesque, the most impolitic, that which would excite the loudest laughter at St. Petersburg, Berlin and the Hague, and which would most affect all the friends of liberty in Europe, would be a war between France and the United States.

Only conceive the cries of joy which the men who labor to resuscitate the party of the Holy Alliance would utter when they saw France employing the forces and the power which she has acquired since the revolution of July in a struggle against the republic of the United States—a republic they saw those two people, who, in the Old and New world, represent the cause of liberty, steadily warning against each other, what intrigues would be set on foot against us at home whilst we were occupied against brother freemen abroad?"

LONDON, Jan. 24.—The Paris papers of Thursday have arrived, with those of the south of France to the 19th.

The possibility of another indemnity being to be paid to Russia, as Sovereign of Poland, had attracted public attention in Paris at a most awkward mo

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

We request particular attention to the following pithy address, which we extract from the Boston Liberator. Most readers will find in it something touchingly interesting—at least so thinks the PAINTER.

Come, A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
And pay your bills, sirs, honestly,
Both for the old year and the new—
Then, sirs, a happy year to you.

H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O,
We want our money—don't be slow;
Pray, do not let us ask again,
Or spend our time and ink in vain.

P, Q, R, S, T, U, and V,
Our cash we would be glad to see;
If you our just demands will pay,
We'll wish you well on New Year's Day.

W, X, Y, Z, and all the rest,
Come forward now, and do your best;
Come, pay the Printer all you owe—
He'll happy be, and wish you so.

Take Notice—If you do not pay,
May you be troubled every day;
May conscience never give you peace,
Till you to be our debtor cease.

But if in answer to our call,
You promptly pay us, one and all—
May you soon prosperously thrive,
In eighteen hundred thirty-five.

In the "Forsaken," a novel written by Richard Penn Smith, Surgeon McRea gives the following very cogent reason for abandoning the field of battle during an engagement: "An uncivil bullet came close to my ribs, and has nearly destroyed the only coat that my dictatorship can boast of. I knew there was more lead where that come from, but very few more coats where this came from; so I leisurely marched off in search of a place of safety, both for my coat and carcass."

COMMUNICATED.

EPITAPH.

Who lies below? What recks it who?
Enough, I lived—I died—;
Like you I had my hopes, my griefs,
My pleasures and my pride.

But what are these? And what am I?
What you full soon must be:
Like all the buried past, I died—
And you must die like me. PASTOR.

Clean Hands—Mr. C. L., playing at whist the other evening, with an intimate friend, who seemed, (as far as his hands were concerned,) to hold the Mahometan doctrine of ablution in perfect contempt, said to him with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, "My good fellow, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would have."

"A donkey carrying a load of books," said Amru, the conqueror of Egypt, "is as respectable an animal as the person whose head is crammed with learning that he does not understand."

A QUAKER REPLY.—Mr. Sergeant, in giving a Temperance Lecture to the Bostonians a few evenings since, related the following anecdote:

"A moderate drinking landlord, one who gave to almost every customer who came in, an example of moderate drinking, was harnessing the horse of a Quaker who had stopped at his house, and as he met with some difficulty in buckling a strap, complained of the badness of his eyes, which were covered by a pair of goggles. As the Quaker manifested an interest in his case, the landlord removed the goggles, and substituting the swollen and inflamed balls to the examination of his customer, begged him to tell him what he had better do for them. "My advice, friend," replied the Quaker, "is that thou shouldst put thy brandy on thy eyes, and tie thy goggles over thy mouth."

A Laughable Adventure.—Not long since, a reverend ele gyman in New Hampshire, (not Vermont, as the Concord paper has it) being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of snow upon the roof of his barn might do some damage, resolved to shovel it off. He therefore ascended it, but having first, for fear the snow might all slide off at once, himself with it, fastened to his waist one end of a rope, and giving the other to his wife, he went to work; but tearing still for his safety, "My dear," said he, "tie the rope round your waist." No sooner had she done this, than off went the snow, poor minister and all, and up went his wife. Thus on one side of the barn the astounded and confounded clergyman hung, and on the other side hung his wife, high and dry, in majesty sublime, dingling and dangling at the end of the rope. At that moment, however, a gentleman luckily passing by, delivered them from their perilous situation.

"Do you like novels?" said Miss Languish to her up country lover.

"I can't say," answered he, "for I never ate any: but, I tell you what, I'm tremendous at young 'possum." *Visiter.*

A western ed tor acknowledges the receipt of $100, being a gentleman's subscriptions in advance for forty years. So lucdible an example is worthy of emulation, and we should like to ascertain which of our subscribers is so determined to be first in doing "the clean thing" for once in this fashion. As the old lady said when an obstreperous ad urer threatened to kiss her, "I should like to catch him at it."

At a recent meeting of the butchers of R——, England, one of them made the following creditable and pathetic appeal as the advantages of rail-roads: "Among other advantages," said he, "look at that which affects the pigs brought to market! They will be saved the fatigues of their journey, poor things! They will not, as now, run down all their flesh, poor things! They will not, as now, run down all their taste and flavor, poor things!" (Loud cheers.)

Never was there a more just and po ited rebuke than was given to a married lady, who, in company with a strange gentleman behaved in so very equivocal a manner, that he was ordered to take some unbecoming liberties with her. "Sir," says she, "do you know who I am? I am the wife of Mr——."

"Madame," says he, "I really beg your pardon;—I mistook you. But permit me to say, you ought to *seem* what you are—*or to be* what you seem."

A reverend gentleman in London is charged in one of the weekly Sunday papers, with being a *lying and ungrateful villain*, and deserving an amiable young woman, in marry, for her money, an ugly old female of the baboon family, that wants shaving every morning! The writer further threatens to thrash his *reverence*, should he at any time come in his way.

A TOUCH LADY'S AGE.—Talking of age, the longer women live, the younger they grow. I know ladies who six years ago rated at 35, and who now stand at 29. It is next to impossible for a woman to get over 40. This is *sans souciance*, at which the sex invariably stick. The only person I ever met with who confessed that she had passed this barrier was an old lady of 80.

DEFINITION OF A RIOT.

Dogberry—Nay, an I know not the law of riot, I know nothing, neighbour. Marry, this it stands. A riot is that sort of thing which may be prescribed as a breach of the peace, whereby a man might say the peace was broken. Now the peace is in other words quietness, which is broken by noise. Ergo, to make a noise is to riot, which is an unlawful thing, and what is unlawful, is illegal, and moreover against the law. Ergo, this being the law of riot, if a man do cough at church in sermon time, and waken the congregation, he doth an unlawful thing, and makes a riot.

Verges.—But, how if the congregation sleep so sound that his coughing waken them not?

Dog.—Why then it is no riot. But it is other, if a man do blow his nose, at the play-house, and drown the voice of the actor, for the players, mark me, are of worth, and to be detected, and no defence given them: ergo, if a man blow his nose at the play-house, he is a noisy person, and being a noisy person, he is a riotus person, and being a riotus person, he is, as it were, guilty of a riot, and must forthwith be dragged to prison.

Verg.—But sup pose his nose wanted blowing?

Dog.—Nay marry that alters the case and the law allows him to blow it. You shall not find but I know law. Therefore it were well, master constable, before you take any to prison for blowing their nose, that you demand whether their nose wanted blowing or no.

Verg.—How if they will not resolve us?

Dog.—then they are churlish knaves, and it is not your vocation to teach them manners. Let them depart. I know there be some, that think they have a right to blow their nose in a play-house, whether they have occasion or not; but the law shall give them a tweak by it, for their benevolence to the players. They shall find that I know how to make a lawful riot, and that I have digested Bacon to some purpose.

Verg.—Perchance they may say then that your law is all *gammon*.

Dog.—Go to—I care not for their mockeries. I know my duty and my place, and that I should be answered. Should I not, neighbours?

Verg.—Truly master Dogberry, we all suspect you mainly.

Dog.—It is well, and yet it is no more than your duty. And now that I have refined the law of riot for you, mark me, while I impound your duties and what is your duty, being peace officers, to demean yourselves obutteperately, and maintain order, therefore if you see any in the play-house blowing his nose, knock him down.

Verg.—But if he should be too strong for us?

Dog.—That hath been provided for: ye shall have some tall fellows of their hands, that shall be your associates. But to avoid contention, you had best not meddle with sturdy rogues: but be sure at least that you bring some old men, women, or boys, as earnest of your diligence.

Verg.—Yet if none of these should chance to blow their nose.

Dog.—Marry wish them? They might intend to do so, if you did not serve them: now it is in this same intent that the offence against the law resteth; ergo, by preventing the intent, you better preserve the peace.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

MELANCHOLY.

There is scarcely a sensation in the human breast, so capable of depressing the exalted spirit, or of damning the natural sensations of man's disposition, as melancholy. Divest it of its frenzied enthusiasm, or mental excitement, and there will be retained no agreeable disposition of the mind for reflection, and contemplation upon subjects far superior to those excited by the ordinary intercourse of life. It is true, by some it is supposed to be inconsistent with the common duties of reason, but on the contrary, by others of a more reflecting character, it is considered as capable of producing a mental employment by dissembling a calmness thro ghout the troubled mind that proves at once alleviating, refreshing and pleasing, not pleasing in the literal signification, but an internal assim at inexpressible pleasure, entirely consistent with the feelings of man as they are acted upon by circumstances productive of this state of mind. Those when he soul is disturbed by the jarring elements of external strife, when anger, resentment and inveteracy—reciprocally succeed each other, and combine to destroy his peace, it is then that it comes as a mediation, to reconcile the disjointed passions and spread peace and calmness over the troubled spirits. In the e s ite, our imaginations are supplied with sober, more sublime and more elevated subjects at reflection, nor can we appreciate it until we come go from it, and again enter the scope of the world's influence, to be depressed or exalted according to our reflective destinations.

Typo.

[COMMUNICATED.]

NEW PRICE CURRENT.

Honesty—None in market.
Patriotism—Fine quality, no demand; second, do. principally bought up on speculation at par.
Prudence—All held by old stockholders.
Modesty—None but damaged parcels in market, the prime lots being bought up by Messrs. Tom and Jerry.
Vice—Large quantities held—no sale.
Pride—Looks glutted.
Politeness—Very cheap, but the owners appear indifferent about the disposal of it.
Wit—Little or none on hand.
Scandal—None offered at wholesale; the article altogether engrossed by hawkers and pedlars.
Religion—When brought into market, it is generally adulterated—sells nominal.
Love—None offered except for real estate.
Coquetry—Very little offered in consequence of the difficulty of managing the sales.
Talent—A scarce article—no credit allowed.
Sincerity—Out of season.

SWEARING.

The following observations are respectfully offered to those who are accustomed to the disagreeing habit:

It is not easy to perceive what pleasure can arise from the empty sound of senseless interjections; or what superior entertainment can spring from the profane sound of God, devil, damn, curse, than from the sound of wax, waters, pen, ink, or any number of words of the same syllables. It is not easy to perceive what profits are annexed to it. Whatever fortune may be made by j ejury, I believe there never was a man made a fortune by common swearing. It often happens that men pay for their swearing, but it se dom happens that they are paid for it. It is not easy to perceive what honour or credit is connected with it. Does any man receive promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Or is any man advanced to dignity because he is expert at profane swearing? Never! Low must be the character which such impertinence would exalt; high must be the character which such impertinence would not degrade. Excusable, the efore, must be the practice which has neither reason nor passion to support it. The drunkard has his cups; the satyrist his revenge; the misanthrope man his prefermeats; the miser has gold; but the common swearer has nothing; he is a fool at large; sells his soul for nough, and drudges in the service of the devil gratis. Swearing is void of all ple.; it is not the native off spring of the soul, nor interwoven with the texture of the body, nor any how allied to our frame; for, as a great man (Tillotson) expresses it—"though some men pour out oaths as if they were natural, yet no man was ever born of a swearing constitution." But it is a custom, a low and poli y custom, picked up by low and paltry aprite, who have no sense of honour, no regard to decency, but are forced to substitute some rhapsody of non-sense to supply the vacancy of good sense; hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who adopt it.

RISE OF CURRAN.

When Curran was called to the bar, he was without friends, without connexions, without fortune—conscious of talents far above the mob by which he was elbowed, and end ed with a sensibility which rendered him painfully alive to the mortification he was related to experience. After toiling for a very inadequate recompense at the sessions of Cork, and wearing, as he said himself, his teeth almost to their stumps, he proceeded to the metropolis, taking for his wife and young children a mis erable lodging on Hog-hill. Term after term, without either profit or professional reputation, he paced the hall of the Four Courts. Yet even this he was no altogether undistinguished. If his pocket was not heavy, his heart was light. He was young and ardent—buoyed up not less by the consciousness of what he felt within, than by the sanguine expectations which his friends were successful around him, and he took his station among the crowd of idlers whom he amused with his wit, or amazed by his eloquence. Many even who had emerged from that crowd, did not disdain occasionally to glean from his conversation the rich and varied treasures which he d d not fail to squander with the most unsparing prodigality; and some there were, who observed the brightness of the infant luminary struggling through the obscurity that clouded its commencement. Amongst those who had the discrimination to appreciate and the heart to feel for him, luckily for Curran, was Mr. Arthur Wolfe, afterwards the unfortunate but respected Lord Kilwarden. The first fee of any consequence that he received, was through his recommendation; and his recital of the incident cannot be without its interest to the young professional aspirant who a temporary neglect may have sunk into dejection. "I then lived," said he, "upon Hog Hill; my wife and children were the chief furniture of my spa tments; and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation as the rest of my debts. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barris er's lady, and what was wanted in wealth, she was well determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of any gradation except that of pounds, shillings and pence. I walked out one morning to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject, with my mind, you may imagine, in no very enviable temperament. I fell into the gloom into which from my infancy I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despair—hey: I returned home almost in desperation. When I opened the door of my study, where Lysater alone could have found a library, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty g ine guineas was appended upon the back of it. I part my landlady; bought a good dinner; gave Bob Lyons a share of it, and that dinner was the date of my prosperity" such was his own exact account of his professional advancement.

Precepts are of great weight, and a few useful ones at h nd do more towards a happy life, than whole volumes of cautions that we know not where to find.

SENECA.

Character should be kept bright as well as clean; in purity of character, and in points of manners, labour to excel all, if you wish to equal many.

Good sense and benevolence will suggest the great rules of good breeding to you; good company will do the rest.

The de re of pleasing is at least half the art of doing it; the rest depe ds only upon the manner which attension, observation, and frequenting good company, will teach.

Gentleness of manners, with firmness of mind, is a short, but full description of human perfection, on this side of religious and moral duties, which they adorn and support.

Speaking well is the most important of all accomplishment, because in most frequent use, and in the nearest connection with mind; Cicero says, it is glorious to excel other men in that article in which men excel brutes.

The thing in the world, says Montaigne, I am most afraid of, is fear; that passion alone in the trouble of it, exceeding all o her accidents.

To die well, you must let your voices die before you happy a he who finishes the business of his life before his death, who takes the hu ane corners has nothing to do but to die, and wh ever wishes no delay, because he has no further use for time.

Under all circumstances, there is but one honest course: and that is to do right, and trust the consequences to Divine Providence. "Duties are ours; events are Gods." Policy with all her cunning, can devise no rule so safe, salutary, and effective, as this simple maxim—MRS. CHILDS.

The principal virtues or vices of a woman must be of a private and domestic kind. Within the circle of her own family and dependants lies her sphere of action, the scene of almost all those tasks and trials, which most determine the character and her fair, here and hereafter. Reflect, for a moment, how much the happiness of her husband, children and servants, must depend on her temper, and you will see that the greatest good, or evil which she ever may have in her power to do, must from her correcting or indulging its infirmities.—*Mrs. Chapone.*

Good people by good example often correct the defects of others without reproving them; and those who are not good, often reprove without correcting them.

Cultivate a taste for reading, and hoard up while you can, a great stock of knowledge, for though you may not, during the active season of youth, have occasion to spend much of it, yet depend upon it, a time will come when you will want it to maintain you. Public granaries are filled in plentiful years, not that it is known that the near, or the second, or third year will prove a scarce one, but that sooner or later, such a year will come, in which the grain will be wanted.

Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are very rare; and when they do occur we are prepared for them, we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice, we are supported either by the splendour of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unobserved; they return every moment; they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offence; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. We would much rather make certain great sacrifices to God, however violent and painful they might be, upon condition that we should be rewarded by liberty to follow our own desires and habits in the details of life. It is however only by fulfilling the little things, that a true and courageous love to God can be distinguished from a passing fever of spirit.—*Fenelon.*

True devotion is not a melancholy sentiment that deprives the spirits and excludes the ideas of pleasure, which gives birth to no fund of joy on the contrary, there is nothing so friendly to joy, so productive of true pleasure, so peculiarly suited to the warmth and innocency of a youthful heart. Do not therefore think it reason to turn your mind to God; but offer him the first fruits of your understanding and affections: and be assured that the more you increase in love to him, and delight in his laws, the more you will increase in happiness, in excellence and honour; that in proportion as you improve in true piety, you will become dear and amiable to your fellow creatures; content and peaceful in you self; and gratified to enjoy the best blessings of this life, as well as to take in the glorious promise of immortality.—*Mrs. Chapone.*

West and Helis, London—The company that frequent them are a medley of all ranks and classes—men of fashion and men of no fashion; beaux and lovers, wheted veterans and beardless strippings, poets and bankrupts, blackle gs and greenhorns, swindlers and 'prentice boys. The object that each of them has intently in view is the universal employment of mankind in different manners and in every varying shade of method to enrich himself at the expense of his neighbor; in this case it is carried on by the treacherous card and the deceitful dice. Rouge et Noir—the red and the black—the red flush of success and the black depth of despair is the character of the game, whatever be the method play. Yet there are some master minds ever to be seen at these temples of the blind goddess, who, whether they win or lose, preserve the coolness of men sitting at ease among their families. To arrive at this state of mind is the perfection of their art. To stifle the voice of nature, to dis pate her wrongs hies, to trample on her affections, to make a god and a religion the quest of plunder, to have real the prime article of which forbids us to feel for others, and to give up even the privilege of feeling for ourselves. This is the perfection of the gamester's part. Neither entailed with success nor excitent with ruin, the perfect gambler must put away his heart, or submit it to that operation by which flesh is made harder than iron. In a profess d gambler we behold talent without admiration, age without reverence, and rank without respect.—*Leigh Hunt's Journal.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

LIFE OF SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

Who has not read or heard of Sir Humphrey Davy? Where is the person, young or old, who, knowing any thing of his discoveries and inventions, does not feel some curiosity to be made acquainted with a few particulars of his early life?

Sir Humphrey Davy was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, England, on the 17th of December, 1778. Nothing very remarkable is related of him as a child. He was quick and industrious, and had a great fondness for reading. Several instances have been mentioned of his ingenuity as a boy. He made fire-works. He formed a collection of rare birds, which he stuffed with extraordinary skill. And fishing and shooting, to both of which he exce led, were his favorite recreations. In 1794 he lost his father, and in the following year he was apprenticed by his mother to a surgeon and apothecary. Here it was that he commenced the study of chemistry, which he afterwards pursued with such ardor and success.

To study chemistry is to study what effects will be produced by mixing or putting together different substances, or by separating them from one another. By chemistry we learn how to bleach cloth to the purest white, or to cover it with the gayest colors; to make the useful earthenware and elegant china from lump of clay—to manufacture soap by mixing together grease and pearlash—to convert the disgusting skin of a dead animal into useful leather—and to prepare medicines capable of restoring the sick to health and happiness.

By chemistry we are able to separate from a shapeless stone the brilliant gold, and the useful iron—to extract from coal the gas which produces the dazzling light that illuminates all our great towns—to obtain from water the elastic steam which gives motion to the re-mile-s steam engine, driving thousands of wheels in a cotton-mill, a train of carriages on a rail-road, and the vessel, and its enterprising crew, across the tempestuous ocean against wind and current. By chemistry we also learn how to apply manures to the improvement of the land, and so to increase the quantity and improve the quality of our crops. It thus appears that our food and clothing, our cleanliness and health, and our comforts of every description are all improved by chemistry.

The profession of Surgeon and Apothecary, he never liked; but his greatest pleasure was in studying the properties of all the bodies which came under his observation. When he walked abroad he usually took a hammer with him, with which he used to knock off pieces of rocks, to press've as specimens.

In one of his excursions about this period of his life, it was his lot to be a dog,—supposed to be a mad one. Without a moment's hesitation, he cut out the wounded part with his pocket knife, and then proceeding at once to the surgeon's, he immediately burnt the surface of the wound, with what the surgeons call caustic. It is probable that his courage and boldness, in doing this, saved his life, though the wound was so troublesome that it kept him confined many weeks.

His chemical apparatus consisted of such phials, gallipots, pans, &c. belonging to his master, as he could obtain, and such as he could contrive for himself. At length, however, Mr. Gilbert, a chemist, became acquainted with him, kindly invited him to his house, gave him the use of his library, took him to a celebrated copper-works to show him the chemical apparatus, and otherwise render ed him much assistance.

By the assistance of Mr. Gilbert he became acquainted with Dr. Beddoe, a learned man of great distinction at Bristol; and it was not long before his love and zeal for the study of chemistry became so well known that he received the appointment of Assistant Lecturer on the science, in the Royal Institut on in London. Here he filled his station so admirably, that before he was 21 years of age he was made a Professor.

Hitherto Davy was poor, but this appointment secured him the means of support, and relieved him from all anxiety on that subject. Now he was at full leisure to devote his whole time to his favorite study. He had already made discoveries, but he now began to make more a lendid ones.

It was he who found out that the alkalies, as they are called, such as pearlash, and soda, are not simple bodies, but consist of curious metal, joined to oxygen. A piece of the metal of pot ash (called potassium,) not in gas than a pin's head, when put in a water, or laid upon ice, instantly burns into a flame. It was Davy, too, who first studied out and explained the nature of volcanoes.

A large estate falling, at length, into Davy's hands, he gave up his professorship, not to go into idleness, but that he might extend his discoveries more in the manner he pleased. He first travelled over much of Europe, especially the volcanic countries. Among other places, he visited Mount Vesuvius, and the famous city of Pompeii.

Shortly after his return he was solicited to turn his attention to the subject of fire-damp in coal mines, with a view to discover some contrivance by which the miners might be protected from its fatal effects. He complied with this request. He reflected, he contrived, he examined; and then he reflected, contrived, and examined again. With a speed and a success, almost beyond conceit on, he furnished the protection required. This protection is the safety-lamp.

To understand the merit of Sir Humphrey Davy's performance, it is necessary to know something of the structure and extent of a coal-mine, as well as of the nature of the destruc ive fire-damp. The distance to which some of these mines extend is several miles, and some of them have been worked to the depth of five hundred feet. These extents e mines have seldom more than two or three shafts, or communications with the surface of the earth. The difficulty of ventilating them, or supplying a sufficiency of fresh air will be perceived at once. Nevertheless, by means of ingenious machinery, this difficulty had been pretty well got over. But there still remained the fire-damp, against which no ingenuity had been able to protect the miners. The fire-damp is a kind of gas, very much like what is burned every night in lamps in the streets. Newly dug coal always parts with a portion of this gas when first exposed to the air; but on some occasions, the pitmen have opened crevices in the bed of coal, from which this gas has poured out in quite a current; and such currents have been known to continue for months and years. These currents are called "blowers" by the pitmen.

Every body has seen a gas-lamp lighted. The gas kindles the moment the lighted torch is brought in contact with it. The same happens with the fi e damp. And here is the danger; for the pitmen cannot work under ground without candles or lanterns. On the approach of a candle or lantern, the fire-damp is kindled, and expanding with the heat, drives before it a roaring whirlwind of flaming air, which tears up every thing in its progress, scorching some of the miners to a cinder, and burying others under enormous ruins shaken from the roofs. Then thundering to the shafts, it converts the mine, as it were, into an enormous piece of artillery; and wastes its fury in a discharge of thick clouds of coal-dust, stones and timber, together with the limbs and mangled bodies of men and horses.

But the first effect of one of these subterraneous combustions, appalling though it be, is not the worst. All the contrivances for ventilating the mine being destroyed in the general ruin, and the fresh air being altogether excluded from the innermost parts of the mine where the work is proceeding, such of the miners as may have survived the explosion, are doomed to the more painful and lingering death of suffocation from the after-damp or scythe, as it is called.

It would be almost impossible so to describe this safety lamp that our readers would fully understand its structure. We must therefore content ourselves with saying that it answered every purpose which its worthy inventor expected, and is now used in coal-mines generally, not only in England, but in other countries. Where they are in use, workmen enter and labour in the mines without fear or danger.

Sir Humphrey Davy might have made a large sum of money by this wonderful invention; but money was not his great object. He appears to have lived for other and nobler purposes; one of which was to do good.

In the latter part of his life he suffered much from disease. He died at Geneva. His kindness and good feeling to all mankind, were strikingly shown in his last moments. When he felt his end approaching he sent for his brother, Dr. Davy, to whom he said, "I am dying; and when it is all over, I desire that no disturbance of any kind may be made in the house; lock the door, and let every one retire to his apartment." Shortly after, he expired without a struggle, in the 51st year of his age.

CYSTER TRADE.

The fable of the rat whose head was caught in the oyster, is not so wide a departure from truth as many suppose. A late Norfolk Herald says that a full sized duck not long since dived under water near Old Point, in that neighborhood, with its bill enclosed between the shells of an oyster. It is supposed that the duck had dived to the bottom and thrust his bill into the opened shell of the oyster, upon which the latter, not relishing such an attack, closed the doors of his "house" so suddenly that the duck could not disengage his bill;—and that his head was thus kept under water till he was drowned.

Raccoons are also very fond of oysters; and taking advan age of a moonlight night to prowl along the sea shore in search of their favorite prey, which they of en find with their mouths open, they often put in their paw, and are taken prisoners. It is said that they sometimes use the precaution to drop a pebble between the shells before they venture their paw; but this is not so well proved.

We ourselves, have seen a huge rat brought out of a cellar, with his tail caught between the shells of an oyster; into which it had fallen no doubt, by accident.

REPARTEE.—Give enough is full of wit. "I fear," said a lady to him, "the 1 shall not make a good hus." Oh, madam, *I* will make the bu-i," was the re dy.

Stagner's Truss,
For the Radical Cure of Hernia.

MR. THOMAS ST AGNER, of Kentucky, has invented and obtained a Patent for a Truss which has gained a very high character wherever it has been introduced. It has been used in a great variety of cases, even in old and inveterate instances, and in better calculated to retain the most ungovernable rupture than any of the methods ale before known to the profession.

The subscriber, in common with most of his brethren in the West, became fully convinced of the importance of this invention, that he advised and paid a large sum for the privilege of manufacturing it for sale in the city of Philadelphia, the counties of Bucks, Montgomery, Chester and Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. He has now made arrangements for supplying the East coast in every size and form adapted to the case. He has made a Hotel, No. 6 North Fourth street, Philadelphia, where he will be happy to receive calls from patients and those members of the Faculty who may desire to give it a more extended a trial. Not being able to attend personally to the business in Baltimore, he will sell rights to the Truss in Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey. Letters, post paid, will meet prompt attention.

J. W. HOOD.

Philadelphia, Jan. 17, 1835.

The following testimonials are selected from a large number which have been successfully offered by distinguished members of the profession:

WILLIAM GIBSON, M. D., the able and distinguished Professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, has spoken of this Truss in the most favorable manner to a client. It came to him after the failure of the celebrated Dr. Physick, and although he (Dr. Gibson) never publishes certificates, he has kindly permitted the further use of his name in order that the public may have the benefit of his opinion.

DR. DELAPLAINE, the Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and the Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky.—says

Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 20, 1834.

I have lately visited two gentlemen afflicted with Inguinal Hernia, who appeared to me to have been entirely relieved by wearing Stagner's Patent Truss. From all I have heard and seen of that Truss, I consider it a most valuable invention.

DANIEL DRAKE, M. D.

Copy of a letter from the Rev. SAMUEL TAYLOR, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Nicholasville, Kentucky.

Sir,—During a severe attack of Scrotal Hernia, since the summer of 1829, I used the description of Truss common in the East and West, but found them one I never carried any satisfaction—notwithstanding their use, the bowels frequently descended into the scrotum, causing pain and great uneasiness at most times an apprehension of strangulation. I consented in this condition, despairing of relief, to submit to the operation of the knife, on the solicitation of Dr. J. L. Price, one of the physicians of the place, who had been labouring under the same affliction. I applied one of Mr. Stagner's Trusses, which I wear not quite four months when I found myself entirely relieved. I therefore hope the Instrument will receive the confidence of those who labour under the above named affliction.

SAMUEL TAYLOR.

Nicholasville, June 28, 1834.

I have examined a case of Scrotal Hernia, of about 5 years' standing, and in a prolapsed state more than 20 years of age, which has been thoroughly cured by the application of Stagner's Truss, in the short time of eight weeks. My testimony is cheerfully added in favor of these eminent professional brethren of the West, with whom I have become personally acquainted, and whose recommendations were sufficient to establish the superior, perhaps exclusive, merits of said Truss.

EDWIN P. ATLEE, M. D. Philada.

I have for several years past, known Mr. Henry B. T—, and attended his family, during which time he has been labouring under symptoms of Hernia. I have frequently recommended the application of Stagner's Patent Truss, and have no pronouncing himself radically cured, can unhesitatingly say that the instrument has, in his case, brought into operation through which the bowels descend, and perfectly relieved him of said Truss.

Dec. 12, 1834. THOMAS H. YARDLEY, M. D. Philada.

I this day examined three cases of Hernia, which had existed for several years, and been treated by the application of a variety of Trusses, without much success. By the application of Stagner's Patent Truss a few weeks, they appear to be entirely cured, and the Instrument expressed to be perfectly fully satisfied.

EDWIN P. ATLEE, M. D.

Philadelphia, 12 mo. 13, 1834.

Having used the Patent Truss of Stagner, for the permanent cure of Hernia, in several cases with perfect success, and having seen others, named many others under the care of Dr. Hood, of Philadelphia, who have derived a relief of from those to twelve weeks work, in my opinion, be all that any offered with this distressing disease can desire.

Friends Nov. 15, 1834. J. S. ROSE, M. D.

feb 14—y*

New and Fashionable
JEWELLERY, WATCHES, &c.

THE subscriber, having added to his former stock, a variety of new and fashionable articles in the line, respectfully invites the friends and the public to call before purchasing elsewhere. They consist of Necklaces, Gard. de-vaises, Ear rings, Breast pins, and Fingerrings, in great variety. A large assortment of Ladies' and gents' watches, Musical Time Pieces, Musical Boxes, Silver Spoons, Pencils, and Bodkins, Gold pens, &c. &c.

E. P. LECLERC.

No. 78 North Fee ond street, above Arch, head of Fence, will sufficiently explain their merits. Price 50 cents per bottle. Prepared only at MARSHALL'S Drug and Chemical store, No. 212 Market street, next door to the Western Bank, Philadelphia. feb 14—1y

Wholesale and Retail Bedding
WAREHOUSE, corner of 4th and Vine Sts.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the largest and best assortment in Philadelphia—such as ready made beds, bolsters and pillows, curled hair mattresses, moss do. cotton do. wool do. cattail do. straw do. high-post bedsteads, Feal post do. French do. open and solid do. &c. &c. the best picked goose feathers, by the sack or single pound; western feathers, bed ticking by the piece or single yard; curled hair, moss and cotton by the pound.

N. B. Old beds and mattresses repaired. [All goods bought at this store will be warranted.] E. CLARK.

feb 14—3y*

To Southern and Western Merchants.

Philadelphia
SUSPENDER & STOCK
MANUFACTORY,
No. 6 South Fourth street, below Market.

A. L. VANBIBBER respectfully solicits the attention of the Southern and Western Merchants, to his extensive assortment and low prices. He is constantly receiving from the MANUFACTORY, made in the most modern and fashionable styles.

Also, silk, satin, velvet, bombazet and elastic STOCKS, which he offers on the best Broads Pro ure & Warranted to point of workmanship, durability and shape, to be taken in exchange for goods.

Also, manufacturers are now constantly at work RUSSIAN Belts, and straps, gum elastic or cord dra ers, and all kinds of fancy articles, at the lowest cash prices.

Country merchants in general are respectfully invited to give him a call before purchasing, at his old established stand No. 6 South Fourth street.

N. B.—Shoes Frames and Buckles for sale by the gross or dozen. Also stocks covered and new, at reasonable prices.

jan 31—3m

Cards.

THE subscriber has on hand an extensive and complete assortment of MACHINE CARDS and FILLETING, for Cashiers, Fullers, Carters and Woollen Manufacturers and Mustring Builders. As I have patent machinery of my own, I am enabled to clothe them by steam power, and workmen of long experience, and will supply and with every description of card manufactures, together with materials of the best quality. I have also established a depot in Boston, for sale of cards, but no shop or any manufactured in the United States. Persons in want of Card clothing, are particularly invited to call. Manufacturers and Machine Builders can depend upon having a fair trade with me.

All orders by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to. JOHN H. HASKELL,

feb 7—10 No. 6 Chesnut street.

Cheap Hat Stores.

NO. 209 Callowhill street, fourth side, second door below 4 North street, and No. 425 Market street, (north side,) second door below Second street.

JAMES FIFE has always on hand, at his stores as above, a large and general assortment of SILK HATS, Gentlemen, by sending the measure round their heads, the number of inches high, and the size of the Brim, can have a Hat made to suit to order by mail.

☞ A liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Hatters supplied with Fur Hats in the rough, or Silk Hats on the most liberal terms. feb 7—1y

Painter and Glazier.

JAMES CHAMBERS, No. 274 Callowhill street, between 7th and 8th streets, Philadelphia, begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he continues the House and Sign Painting, Glazing, Wall Painting, Lettering, &c. at Sargent, Mason, Marble, &c., which he will execute at the shortest notice and on reasonable terms.

N. B.—Ready mixed Paints, Oil Gloss, Putty Varnish, and every article connected with the above business, for sale on the most reasonable terms.

☞ An Apprentice wanted. may 15—1y*

Six per Cent. Savings' Bank.

A NEW Institution for that purpose, is to be established in this city, on improved liberal principles, for the benefit of depositors, whether in large or small sums. It will be open for business every day, (except Sundays) from 9 o'clock A. M. to 2 P. M. and on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings, from 6 to 8 o'clock, when persons desirous of depositing their money, can have the same returned to them without notice. Interest will be allowed at the rate of six per cent. per annum, on all sums of One Dollar, and each Dollar deposited will entitle to a vote. Receive at Commissioners of deposits will be given when deposited. It is contemplated to locate the Institution somewhere in the Office No. 110 North Tenth street, on Sundays and Wednesdays, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, when books will be opened for subscriptions, and where all the needful information will be furnished. feb 7—tf

Ladies' Institute,
No. 255 Market Street, Philadelphia.

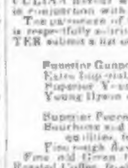
A BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL, in which are taught the several branches of a female education, with the useful accomplishments and ornamental graces.

Terms for the substantial branches per quarter, from 5 to 20 dollars. Lessons in Painting on velvet, in Drawing in crayons and various styles of Painting, and other ornamental branches, extra charge. Terms per annum, for board and washing, &c. made known on application.

Rev. Wm. Wyatt, Rector, and Guardian, School for the education of Children. Terms per annum $200.

feb 7—eowtf Principal, M. A. WRIGHT.

Watches,
Cheap for Cash or Exchange



THE subscriber having on hand a large assortment of Watches, Jewelry, &c. will sell them at lower rates than they have been sold before. Also, Watch Glasses, Main Springs, Pendants, Pallet Stones, Pallet Cheese, Escapement Hooks, Pivot Gauges, Pivot Drills, Pivot Broaches, Pivot Burnishers, Pivot Punches, Pivot Files, Pivot Polishers, Pivot Cutters, Pivot Tongs, Putter Knives, Setters' and Backers, Cut Punches, Pivoted Punches, Pivot Chisels, Bow's Reamers, Pivot Reamers, Pivot Gauges, Pivot Broaches, Pivot Burnishers, Pivot Punches, Pivoted